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*Correspondence of the late Gilbert Wakefield, B. A. with the late
Right Honourable Charles James Fox, in the Years 1796—
1801, chiefly on subjects of classical literature. 8vo. pp. 232.*

[From the British Review.]

THE high intellectual endowments of the two characters at the head of this article, the part they acted on the stage of public life, and above all, perhaps, the yet ill understood motives and principles of action which guided their conduct, conspire to render any production from the pens of Mr. Fox and Mr. Wakefield, and more especially of the former, interesting to the public. Of Mr. Fox's character and distinguished talents, both as an orator and as a scholar, it is much to be lamented that no production of his own, nor scarcely, we might add, the page of history itself, except as connecting his name with that of his great political antagonist, will afford any adequate and lasting memorial to posterity. Whatever may have been the cause of this, and the cause, perhaps, may lie buried in the latent and essential qualities of his own

mind, the effect certainly is to lay his friends and admirers under a strong obligation to seize every prudent opportunity of bringing his name and pretensions more into view ; and we cannot but consider it as the discharge of a debt on the part of Lord Holland to have consented, as the advertisement informs us he obligingly did, to give up that portion of Mr. Wakefield's correspondence with Mr. Fox, which has enabled the editor, to present us with the whole, in a series nearly uninterrupted, from the year 1796 to the year 1801.

There is something in this particular form of publication which renders it strongly adapted to assist that inquiry into character, which, in respect to Mr. Fox, engages the curiosity of every contemplative mind. We need not go back to the familiar letters of Cicero and Pliny to be reminded by those interesting sketches of history and character which they contain, of the attraction which belongs to this species of publication. The recently revived practice (certainly exceeding all just bounds) of publishing private correspondence has afforded sufficient examples of the assistance to be derived from it in estimating more exactly the general weight and worth, as well as the distinguishing characteristics of the several writers. By an insight thus afforded us into the interior and domestic economy of their minds, we learn with more accuracy to appreciate the pure and refined sentiment of a Cowper ; the sterling acquaintance with men and manners of a Richardson ; the vanity of a Seward ; the genuine solidity and piety of mind, unspoiled by wit as genuine, of a Carter or a Talbot.

Should we have it in our power to unfold any properties of the mind of Mr. Fox, hitherto less known, (with Mr. Wakefield we are far better acquainted,) by the help of the present publication, we should feel ourselves richly repaid : we should rejoice to make this return to the public for having travelled with us through so many pages of dry discussion.

The general reader will, perhaps, not be sorry that the whole publication is short, containing only 232 not closely printed pages ; while the moral inquirer may, from this circumstance alone, deduce an inference as to the natural indolence and oscitancy of Mr. Fox's habits ; an indolence which we cannot but think must often have deprived his friends of the result of his long protracted and retired meditations at St. Ann's Hill, when even his correspondence with so distinguished a character as Gilbert Wakefield, and one so congenial to himself on his two favourite topics of literature and politics, does not, in the course of five years, appear to have extended beyond the limits above mentioned.

Is there not something remarkable, too, in the choice of subjects in this correspondence ? Were the minds of these two great po-

litical champions so thoroughly made up, in agreement with each other, upon all questions of civil and social concern, that it was impossible to find between them a single point of difference or of rational and amicable discussion except on literary ground? Or did Mr. Fox, in his comparative silence upon other questions of deep and vital importance to the standing interests of humanity, show a delicate sense of the *ratio loci et temporis*, and a wish, Atticus-like, to exchange the painful anxieties of public life and a concern for the public weal, then so eminently endangered, for academic ease and learned retirement? Was it that he suspected the prudence of Mr. Wakefield? was it, in a word, that he wished to hint the advice of a certain old adage to this bold pretender to a universal dictatorship; and tacitly to convey to him the answer of Alexander to the intrusive Stoic, who would fain have entertained him with a long discourse on the art of war? Be this as it may, it will be our business to give our readers some general notion of the several extended philological inquiries contained in this correspondence; and then to collect, from the occasional topics of a more popular, and, perhaps, more interesting nature, interspersed through the letters, the matter of some concluding observations on the respective characters of the writers.

The correspondence opens with a note from Mr. Fox, dated December 17, 1796, acknowledging the honour done him by Mr. Wakefield, "a person so thoroughly attached to the principles of liberty and humanity," in dedicating to him his new edition of Lucretius, of which he had received the first volume. The receipt of the second, accompanied by the Diatribe on Porson's Hecuba, draws from Mr. Fox certain critical inquiries; which lead, in letters 3, 4, 5. to an investigation of the use of the final *v* paragogic by the Greek tragedians, resumed again in letters 26. 23, 29. It would be beyond our present purpose to "decide where such critics disagree," as Mr. Wakefield, who contends on one side for its uniform omission, and Mr. Fox, backed by Porson, who inclines on the other to its constant reception. Porson is, indeed, roundly, and with apparent justice, accused of establishing a rule in favour of this paragogic letter, for the sake of differing as widely as possible from Wakefield: an injustice similar to that which it has been said that Sir J. Reynolds exercised towards his cotemporary Wilson, in certain censures passed in his lectures upon a practice to which that classical painter was much addicted. It is certain that Mr. Fox, who quotes with approbation the ingenious argument of Porson on the subject, p. 106. quotes also facts, pp. 88. 105. in direct opposition to it, "of the neglect of which, he rightly observes, that he (Porson) ought to be told." What follows from Mr. Wakefield on this question produces no small shock to every

critic's nerves, and agitates the very centre of philological orthodoxy.—“Owners of MSS.” says Mr. Wakefield in p. 114. “have perpetually corrected them, as we see at this day, according to their own fancy; and if Porson, for example, had them all, in time he would put in the *v* throughout; and these MSS. might go down as vouchers for the practice of antiquity.” The unfortunate differences between these almost equally unfortunate men is well known. Porson was in the habit of treating his rival with a contempt which the self-sufficiency of Wakefield could ill brook. To his numerous challenges Porson returned nothing but a haughty silence, and was only once heard to threaten, that if Wakefield continued his attacks he should in return “look into his *Silva Critica*.” It will not be an uninteresting quotation from these letters if we give the following retaliatory opinion of Mr. Wakefield, which may also serve as some clew to the origin of the above mentioned differences.

“I have been furnished with many opportunities of observing Porson, by a near inspection. He has been at my house several times, and once for an entire summer's day. Our intercourse would have been frequent, but for *three* reasons: 1. His extreme irregularity, and inattention to times and seasons, which did not at all comport with the methodical arrangements of my time and family; 2. His gross addiction to that lowest and least excusable of all sensualities, immoderate drinking; and, 3. The uninteresting insipidity of his society; as it is impossible to engage his mind on any topic of mutual inquiry, to procure his opinion on any author or on any passage of an author, or to elicit any conversation of any kind to compensate for the time and attendance of his company. And as for Homer, Virgil, and Horace, I never could hear of the least critical effort on them in his life. He is, in general, devoid of all human affections; but such as he has are of a misanthropic quality: nor do I think that any man exists, for whom his propensities rise to the lowest pitch of affection and esteem. He much resembles Porteus in Lycophron:

————— ὡς γέλωσ ἀπεχθεται,
Καὶ δακρυ————

though, I believe, he has satirical verses in his treasury, for Dr. Belenden, as he calls him, (Parr,) and all his most intimate associates. But, in his knowledge of the Greek tragedies, and Aristophanes; in his judgment of MSS. and in all that relates to the metrical proprieties of dramatic and lyric versification, with whatever is connected with this species of reading; none of his cotemporaries must pretend to equal him. His grammatical knowledge also, and his acquaintance with the ancient lexicographers and etymologists, is most accurate and profound: and his intimacy with Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, and other dramatic writers, is probably unequalled. He is, in short, a most ex-

traordinary person in every view, but unamiable; and has been debarred of a comprehensive intercourse with Greek and Roman authors, by his excesses, which have made those acquirements impossible to him, from the want of that *time*, which must necessarily be expended in laborious reading, and for which no genius can be made a substitute. No man has ever paid a more voluntary and respectful homage to his talents, at all times, both publicly and privately, in writings and conversation, than myself: and I will be content to forfeit the esteem and affection of all mankind, whenever the least particle of envy and malignity is found to mingle itself with my opinions. My first reverence is to virtue; my second, only to talents and erudition: where both unite, that man is estimable indeed to me, and shall receive the full tribute of honour and affection."

Can we disown the leading strokes of this gloomy portrait? can we but lament it should belong to one of the first scholars that England or that Europe ever saw?

"Who would not *weep* if such a *man* there be,
And more than *weep*, if *Atticus* were he."

We should do no favour to our readers by presenting them with another learned and ingenious inquiry into the nature and early use of the digamma. This inquiry, which meets us in letters 8, 9. 11. and some others, is however connected with another of more general interest in the walks of literature, the genuineness of the 24th book of the Iliad, and, strange to say, into the being and identity of the great poet himself. A doubt as to the genuineness of the 24th book of the Iliad had been expressed by Mr. Wakefield in his observations upon that most marvellous of all modern *Pyrrhonisms*, the famous dissertation of Bryant upon the siege of Troy; and we were not surprised on that occasion that the contagion of scepticism so congenial to our critic's mind, should have reached and infected him when in immediate contact and combat with the plague itself. Letter 9. seems to have been written about the same time with his observations on Mr. Bryant; and, perhaps, all things considered, we might have permitted Mr. Wakefield *huic uni—succumbere culpæ*. The doubt is very ingeniously maintained on his part; though, we must add, also repelled with equal ingenuity and much good sense on the part of Mr. Fox; and we are only sorry that we cannot give both as a fair specimen of the respective critical powers of the writers. We must be satisfied with referring to letters 9. and 11.; and proceed to state the second and more important delinquency of our critical sceptic, which, without preface, we shall give in his own words from letter 9. p. 27—29.

“What is so well known with respect to every malefactor tied up at Newgate; (most detestable, flagitious practice!*) his ‘birth, parentage, and education; life, character, and behaviour;’ are all utterly unknown of Homer. We are at liberty, therefore, to frame any hypothesis for the solution of the problem concerning his poems, adequate to that effect, without danger of contravening authentic and established history. Now *ὁμηρος* is an old Greek word for τυφλος: see Hesych. and Lycophr. ver. 422. I take *Homerus*, then, to have originated in the peculiarity of a certain *class* of men, (i. e. blindness,) and not in that of an *individual*. That bards were usually blind, is not only probable, from the account of Demodocus in the *Odyssey*, but from the nature of things. The memory of blind men, because of a less distraction of their senses by external objects, is peculiarly tenacious; and such people had no means of obtaining a livelihood but by this occupation. All this is exemplified in fiddlers, &c. at this day. Now the Trojan war (the first united achievement of the Greeks) would of course become a favourite theme with this class of men, who are known to have been very numerous. Detached portions of this event, such as the exploits of Diomed, of Agamemnon, the Night Expedition, the Death of Hector, his redemption, &c. would be separately composed and sung, as fitted, by their lengths, for the entertainment of a company at one time: and we find, in fact, that the parts of these poems are now distinguished, by scholiasts, grammarians, and all such writers, by these names, and not by books. These songs, bearing date demonstrably before the use of alphabetic characters in Greece, and when the dialect of the civilized parts of Asia (Ionia and Æolia) was uniform, could never be traced to their respective authors: and, in reality, we find from Herodotus, the first Greek historian, that no more was known of this *Homer*, nor so much, in his days, (2, 3, 4, or 500 years after the event,) as in our own. These songs of *blind men* were collected and put together by some skilful men, (at the direction of Pisistratus, or some other person,) and woven, by interpolations, connecting verses, and divers modifications, into a whole. Hence *ῥαψῳδία*. Here we see a reason for so many repetitions: as every detached part, to be sung at an entertainment, required a head and tail piece, as necessary for an intelligible whole: and hence we observe a reason for those unaccountable anomalies of measure, and the neglect of the Æolic digamma, from an ignorance of its power in those later times, whether from new insertions, or from alterations in the transmitted pieces, to effect regularity and consecution. This accounts also for the glaring disparity in some of the pieces: for nothing can be more exquisite than what you so justly admire, the interview of Priam and Achilles; and nothing more contemptible than the whole detail of the death of Hector, and reconciliation of Agamemnon and Achilles.

* What does this mean? Is this merely a poetical license, or is it Mr. Wakefield's political liberty which abhors the cord and the drop, as nature does the vacuum which suspends all her choicest operations?

You are expecting a noble exhibition of generosity and magnanimity on both sides, and you are put off with a miserable, tedious ditty about *Atè*." P. 27.

Not being aware that Mr. Wakefield has announced this amusing conjecture in any of his printed works, we are disposed to claim for him that indulgence which we ever think due to the character of an author, when suffering under the exercise of the very questionable right of posthumous exposure to the eyes of the public. But certainly we must say a more improbable story, we had almost said a keener burlesque upon the framers of hypotheses, has scarcely met our eye among all the extravagancies of learned speculation.

In letters 19, 20, 28, 29, 31. we find a reference made to a plan which Mr. Wakefield had in contemplation for a new Greek and English Dictionary; and it seems he had a store of 20,000 words, "words good and true," found in no common lexicon, to vindicate his claims on the gratitude of scholars, as a diligent lexicographer.—"One day with another," says he in p. 123. "I at least add twenty from my reading, for months together; some original words; the generality compounds." When we hear after this in p. 179. that the plan of his lexicon was abandoned, we are naturally led to inquire with some curiosity into whose hands the important catalogue of foundling words was consigned, and whether the public are ever to be called to take into its protection these houseless orphans. Perhaps, however, most of these words existing only in very obscure writers, "common" lexicographers have preferred the loss of some personal character for accuracy, to the much greater public inconvenience of overloaded lexicons. The uncommon, and such are generally the inferior, authors are perhaps best treated with annexed glossaries of their uncommon words; and glossaries of that kind might greatly facilitate philological research. An interesting plan is quoted in p. 126. by Mr. Fox, from the French academicians, for a *chronological* lexicon; or a lexicon giving an account of words in their original and afterwards their adscititious meanings, successively gained from various authors, arranged in chronological order. But a remark of Mr. Wakefield's, in p. 205. on the "learned and vigorous expressions of Ennius and Lucilius, and the old Roman comedians and tragedians, with a lamentation over their words, as being "marked inelegant and of suspicious authority in dictionaries," makes us suspect that pedantry would occasionally have triumphed over scholarship, and thus prevented a judicious selection or exposition of words in a new lexicon; though as etymologists we quite agree with our critic, that the loss of the old Roman poets, from the light which they would have thrown on the formation of the Latin lan-

guage, and its derivation from the *Æolian* Greek, is a severe, if not the severest calamity ever sustained by philological learning.

Having been desirous of giving our readers some specimens of the critical powers of these two eminent correspondents, we have thought fit to confine ourselves to that object in the first instance, that we might not have afterwards to draw on an exhausted patience for attention to such dry discussions. But we find in this little volume, which we cannot but recommend as an interesting work to the classical scholar, the exercise of considerable literary taste, as well as of critical acumen.

It will have been seen already from Mr. Wakefield's summary sentence on "the miserable ditty on Atè" in Homer, in which Mr. Fox "perfectly agrees," that their opinions on the merit of classic authors have been pretty freely expressed: in this instance we are also inclined to add, unjustly: for the ditty on Atè, so far from making out satisfactorily to our conviction the spuriousness of that part of the *Iliad* which contains it, carries to our minds a very sufficient internal evidence of its belonging to the identical old minstrel, whose very existence Mr. Wakefield attempts to disprove. Our critics seem entirely to have overlooked its singular agreement with another passage (*Il.* 1. 500.) where the very same personage is introduced under a similar imagery, and in an address curiously enough made to the same Achilles for the self-same purpose of bespeaking his favour. Neither can we see any thing in the use of such an apologue in either place at all abhorrent, either from the practice of Homer himself,* or from the custom of antiquity in general, which notoriously dealt in that artificial and circuitous mode of addressing the understanding. And we see much art in the adoption of this "miserable ditty" on the part of Agamemnon on this particular occasion, as being calculated to relieve him from one of the most difficult of all tasks, an apologetical address from a king to an offended subject; and as being likely to raise, instead of diminishing, his consequence among his people, by showing him to have been a sufferer from the influence of the injurious goddess only in common with Jupiter himself, and, in fact, to have owed his passion not to his temper, but to his stars. See lines 86, 87, 88. *κ. τ. λ. Il. τ.*

We must also venture to express our disagreement with Mr. Wakefield in his sentence on a poet of modern date, whose name, however, we are taught in no dishonourable way to associate with that of Homer, viz. the "pleasing, melancholy" Cowper. We had heard that Mr. Fox's good taste led him to a great admiration of that poet; and in letter 26. we find the following testimony

* "Homer, who has constructed the noblest poem that was ever framed from the strangest materials, abounds with allegory and mysterious description. He often introduces ideal personages," &c. Bryant's *Ancient Mythology*, vol. 1.

to the fact from his own pen: "Did you, who are such a hater of war, ever read the lines at the beginning of Cowper's Task? There are few things in our language superior to them, in my judgment. He is a fine poet; and has, in a great degree, conquered my prejudices to blank verse." The chilling answer of Mr. Wakefield, in letter 27. is as follows: "I have, occasionally, looked into Cowper, though I possess him not. He appeared to me too frequently on the verge of the ludicrous and burlesque; but he deserves, *I dare say*, the character which you give him:—but surely Milton might have reconciled you to blank verse without the aid of Cowper." To this Mr. Fox replies by some insinuations against Milton, as exhibiting "a want of flow of ease, of what the painters call a free pencil." And Mr. Wakefield retorts upon Cowper, p. 122. "that of all the miserable versification in blank verse Cowper's translation of Homer is the most miserable he had yet seen:" referring to the beginning of Odyssey X. as a proof of his position. Now we will venture to affirm, in direct opposition to the Warrington schoolmaster, that one of the points in which Cowper has signalized himself is that of a correct, and, in the present age, most meritorious as well as masterly judgment in English versification. Without troubling ourselves at this moment to turn to the passage in question, we have no hesitation in ranking it, *if* as bad as it is represented, amongst the *exceptions*, perhaps the many exceptions, which in so long a work as an entire translation of the Iliad and Odyssey may reasonably be expected.* But we have some reason to question altogether the rhythmical ear of a man who can see no difference between the accent on the first syllable of *virum* in *arma virumque cano*, and the actual rest on the corresponding long syllable in *vires*. (Vide p. 6.) With regard to Cowper's translation of Homer in general, it seems to us to be a work much underrated by modern self-erected judges of poetry.

Our admiration of the poetry of Pope will yield to that of no one who is disposed to view it with the candour of critical discrimination. We are not inclined to call that laboured excellence of thought condensed in his pithy lines by the name of conceit, nor to proclaim him in his mellifluous flow of classical language as under any counter-compact against *simplicity*, like Shadwell. But as a model of poetry, Pope, we venture to say, is dangerous: as a standard of taste, defective. We are, doubtless, apt to be misled, not to say bewitched, by the even, but monotonous harmony of the bard of Twickenham, and dazzled by the close array

* On referring, after writing this, to the passage in question, we are astonished, perhaps not astonished, to find it as correct, harmonious, and elegant a specimen of Cowper's style as we could wish to produce.

of his pointed antitheses and shining sentiments. On subjects requiring energetic brevity, or majestic strength, his style is admirable; and there is doubtless a vigour, richness, harmony, and pomp, in detached passages of his translation of Homer, which the corresponding passages of Cowper do not seem to reach, or even to approach. And this is more particularly true of some of the fiercer descriptions of battles, or the more affecting scenes of living nature. But as a whole, to be accompanied throughout, to give a fair idea of the great poet, (a just one who can give?) to interest the finer feelings of the heart, to sustain that interest, to please with all possible variety of correct cadence and nicely-balanced periods, we have an opinion, it may be a peculiar one, in favour of Cowper's blank verse translation, even beyond that which we entertain of its rhyming and splendid rival, considered merely as a representative of Homer. We could much wish for some fair opportunity of vindicating more fully this opinion; at present we must satisfy ourselves with generally expressing our surprise, that such a man as Wakefield should speak as he does respecting such a man as Cowper. His charge of a perpetual propensity to the ludicrous and burlesque in the Task seems to us a most unwarrantable misrepresentation of that most elegant satire, embellished as it is by the most touching sentiments, moral and religious. And we must look somewhat deeper than poetic taste, in a mind so *liberal*, so *imbued with sensibility* as that of Mr. Wakefield is by his admirers stated to have been, for this marked indifference to a writer almost excessive in his attachment to liberty, and for pure and exquisite sentiment unrivalled in English literature.

In letters 25, 26, 27. we find a high commendation of the poetry of Ovid, whom Mr. Wakefield does not hesitate to call "the first poet of all antiquity," p. 83. a remark to which Mr. Fox replies, by professing himself a great admirer of that poet, "to the great scandal of all who pique themselves upon purity of taste:" but he still ventures to prefer "the grand and spirited style of the Iliad; the true nature and simplicity of the Odyssey; the poetical language (far exceeding that of all other poets in the world) of the Georgics; and the pathetic strokes in the Æneid." To which he subjoins, with commendation, a reference to a similarity pointed out by Wakefield between Ovid and Euripides. Mr. Fox's high opinion of Ovid has an air of less intrepidity, when it is recollected that he was backed by the authority of Milton, whose favourite authors were Ovid and Euripides; the Metamorphoses of the former he is said to have had nearly by heart. A good comparison is instituted between Ovid and Virgil by Wakefield in p. 96, 97. in which, however, he leaves some-

what coldly the single superiority of magnificent language to Virgil.

From letter 29. we should willingly, if we had time, produce to our readers the critical remarks of Mr. Wakefield's on the minor Greek poets ; but must content ourselves with generally referring the curious on these interesting topics to very sensible and discriminating observations on the works of Apollonius Rhodius, Aratus, Nicander, Dionysius, Periegetes, Oppian, Nonnus, and the obscure but classic and highly finished Lycophron, dispersed over Mr. Wakefield's share in this correspondence. We could with pleasure also give some of Mr. Fox's just and scholar-like observations scattered up and down these letters, particularly those in letter 53. upon the pathetic in the *Æneid*. But it may be a matter of mere curiosity to our readers to see one or two quotations from Mr. Fox of a more general nature, by which they may be able to fix the standard of his scholarship from his own mouth.

"I am at present," says he in letter 7. "rather engaged in reading Greek ; as it is my wish to recover at least, if not to improve, my former acquaintance (which was but slight) with that language." Of old editions and MSS. he professes himself "uncommonly ignorant, never having read Homer in any other editions than the Glasgow and Clarke's." And in letter 28. we find the following confession, which we freely confess we equally admire for its frankness and good sense.

"I wish to read some more, if not all, of the Greek poets, before I begin with those Latin ones that you recommend ; especially as I take it for granted that Valerius Flaccus (one of them) is in some degree an imitator of Apollonius Rhodius. Of him, or Silius Italicus, I never read any ; and of Statius but little. Indeed, as, during the far greater part of my life, the reading of the classics has been only an amusement, and not a study, I know but little of them beyond the works of those who are generally placed in the first rank ; to which I have always more or less attended, and with which I have always been as well acquainted as most idle men, if not better. My practice has generally been '*multum potius quàm multos legere*.' Of late years, it is true, that I have read with more critical attention, and made it more of a study ; but my attention has been chiefly directed to the Greek language, and its writers ; so that in the Latin I have a great deal still to read : and I find that it is a pleasure which grows upon me every day." Page 110, 111.

If these concessions forbid us to place Mr. Fox among the first scholars of the kingdom, which we understand some of his friends have injudiciously done, they still, in conjunction with the many sound and sensible observations, critical as well as sen-

timental, which accompany them, prove him to have had a high relish, and even we would say with his panegyrist Parr, "an exquisite taste, for the most celebrated authors in Greek and Latin:" they show him to have been possessed of a tenacious memory, and the power of readily applying his acquired knowledge; together with much philological precision, when disposed to put forth (which he appears often to have been) the vigour of his strong, native sense in considering "the structure of sentences, the etymology of words, the import of particles, and the quantity of syllables." In short, he had a mind to relish and improve a literary retirement: his disappointments in public life did not leave him, as they have left many a statesman, without resource; and in the alternate and gratifying exercise of a vigorous judgment and vivid imagination, he could forget the feelings which first banished him to St. Anne's Hill; and could indulge the playful recreations of poetry and criticism as a happy exchange for the turbid and precarious visions of a rash, political ambition.

On subjects of a still higher and more interesting nature these letters afford us few or no specimens of Mr. Fox's views; excepting a faint prayer of humanity on "the turn affairs had taken in Italy—God send it may lead to a peace:" (p. 162.) and a lamentation over the time lost in benefiting the world by an historical undertaking of which we know the result.—"I shall grudge very much the time it takes away from my attention to poetry and ancient literature, which are studies far more suitable to my taste." (P. 169.) We have scarcely a hint of Mr. Fox's proficiency in those feelings and those arts which, above all others, tend to improve, exalt, and bless the human race. Unfortunately, too much is to be gathered from this portentous silence—*Dum tacet, clamat*. It calls us to the contemplation of "that something still" defective in the utmost plenitude of Mr. Fox's mind; a void, a dreary waste, pervading all its moral part; a pining want of proper culture; a pernicious crop of sickly fruits, seeming, as it were, to echo cheerless to the wind. *C'est un bel edifice, mais il y manque la chapelle*, said a lady to Mr. Gibbon, when boasting of his history. Can any other sentiment arise in the mind of him who contemplates with the eye of truth the hollow fabric raised by fame and Dr. Parr to Mr. Fox's memory? The stately form, the rich materials, and spacious groundwork of this fabric lead us, indeed, to feelings of no common regret for the deficiency within: and deeply must we reprobate that system of education which in his early youth marked out no line, laid no foundation stone, for supplying the important part. Perhaps in a mind less original and commanding than Mr. Fox's, we readily accept education, if studied to mislead, deprave, intoxicate the boy, as some excuse, or at least palliation, for the failures of the man. If

Mr. Fox's superior powers failed of educating these higher principles, apparently so congenial to them, we are only so far disposed to excuse him, upon any plea, as we believe great faculties to imply great temptations; and upon the plea of education in particular, only as far as we generally observe less leisure and inclination to be left in after life, in proportion to the talents spoiled by fashion or ambition, for redressing early errors, and changing the first direction.

In the mean time let us observe that characteristic traits of Mr. Wakefield also abound in these letters. His powers as a scholar and a critic have been already appreciated with so much accuracy by his kindred tribe as not to need further illustration: his fame has, doubtless, been much injured in this department through the influence of his known literary rashness and overweening self-conceit. The humiliating concessions respecting his own *Silva Critica*, as containing "*plurima, quæ sint juveniliter temeraria, ἀπεσδιανυσα* prorsus, et homine critico indigna," might have well been anticipated from the following passage in his own life.

"It always appeared to my mind not only a violation of truth, but an act of ingratitude to the 'Giver of every good gift,' to dissemble or disparage those qualifications which I was conscious of possessing; and I esteemed it not folly only but a fraud—to bestow on ordinary proficient in learning and virtue such commendations as were only due to the *genuine* possessors of those valuable acquisitions. These dispositions, unconnected or unimpaired, as best pleases the reader's taste, have accompanied me through life; these domineer in my constitution to this very hour," &c.

That they did so, we have more than one melancholy proof in the present letters. It grieves us, but for example's sake, to drag to light against our departed scholar "his frailty from its dread abode," by quoting such passages as the following: "I knew my Lucretius must make its way in time against all personal and political opposition, especially when known on the continent." Speaking of a critical nicety which Dr. Parr had in conversation deemed inadmissible, "I made no reply," says our self-complacent critic, "but concluded it to have been unobserved by all readers but MYSELF!"*. "Excuse me," says he, in another

* A more innocent and interesting agreement between Mr. Wakefield's delineations of himself in his life and in these letters appears in the following passages:—"At college—a strange fastidiousness, for which I never could account, occasionally took a bewildering possession of my faculties. This impediment commonly recurred in the spring of the year, when I was so enamoured of rambling in the open air that not even emulation itself could chain me to my books." Vol. i. p. 87.

"My appetite," says he, near ten years after, in letter 39. dated Dorchester gaol, (poor fellow!) "my appetite is apt to flag with the hilarity of the season and the tempting appearances of nature; so that I should not much object to a liberation at this time with Lord Thanes and Mr. Ferguson!"

letter, "if I appear positive ; it is only in the expression, which one acquires from the study of mathematics ; where, after constructing the figure, it is usual to add, '*I say*, the triangle so and so is the triangle required !' "

We turn from this bold avowal of a frailty, surely in Mr. Wakefield, at least, productive of most pitiable consequences, to appearances of a more engaging nature.

On hearing of an accident which had befallen Mr. Fox in taking the amusement of shooting, his humanity suddenly displays itself in the following undisguised avowal of his sentiments, in letter 23. After an elegant quotation from Cicero, he proceeds—

" Am I, Sir, indecently presumptuous and free, am I guilty of a too dictatorial officiousness, in pronouncing those pleasures to misbecome a man of letters, which consist in mangling, maiming, and depriving of that invaluable and irretrievable blessing, its existence, an inoffensive pensioner on the universal bounties of the common feeder and protector of all his offspring ?"

The answer of Mr. Fox is what his less tender nerves and less scrupulous conscience might have led us to expect—

" That—if to kill tame animals, with whom one has a sort of acquaintance, is lawful, it is still less repugnant to one's feelings to kill *wild* animals ; but then, to make a *pastime* of it—there is something to be said upon this head—I admit it to be a questionable subject ; *at all events, it is a very pleasant and healthy exercise ?*"

What a deal of trouble would this concluding "ratio sufficiens" for "questionable" practices have saved laborious casuists, and their old fashioned, purblind, limping, followers !* Mr. Wakefield is not, however, to be so put off ; but rejoins on his green-coated, gaitered correspondent, "that the question of animal food has no more to do with rural sports than capital punishments with racks and tortures ;" he asks if it is "*philosophical* and humane to leave numbers of animals to perish by pain and hunger, or to occasion the remainder of their lives to be perilous and miserable ?" And as to *hunting*, he roundly tells Mr. Fox "that it is the most irrational and degrading spectacle in the world, and an admirable prolusion to those delectable operations which are transacting in Holland and elsewhere." Mr. Fox, in his next letter, declines the controversy, by gently throwing before him the shield of

* We trust this mode of reasoning was not in Mr. Fox's purview when he refers, in letter 10. to literature—as the greatest advantage in troublous times (*next to a good conscience*) which one man can have over another.

"authority and precedent, rather than argument; of excuse, rather than of justification."

We could have wished to see Mr. Wakefield, who had evidently here the right of the argument, and was so eminently "d disdainful of danger" on all occasions in maintaining that right, equally solicitous for the welfare of his correspondent on some more material points. We could have wished him, at least, as a professed christian, *knowing his man*, not to have referred Mr. Fox, with unqualified and unbounded praise, to his favourite Lucretius, and recommended it to his perusal, particularly the termination of the third book, (letter 5.) of which we are bold to say, the *chief* merit is not its being a favourable specimen of the *Lucretian grandiloquentia*, but its being the most calm and captivating statement of the atheist's remedies against the fear of death that, perhaps, ever was penned; this praise, of course, Mr. Fox echoes back in the same accents, and "declares the end of the third book to be perfectly in his memory, and worthy of all that Mr. Wakefield had said of it." Equally inappropriate do we think was the act of "damning with faint praise," in letter 56. the noble and immortal labours of Tertullian in the cause of christianity. And more than inappropriate, not to say profane, is the application of a scriptural test of virtue to Mr. Fox's merits, in letter 14. "I am glad I can congratulate you on escaping the inauspicious omen of the scriptures, 'wo! unto you when all men speak well of you.'" Measured by this test, certainly Mr. Fox and his minority will ever stand high in the records of fame; and our condemnation of Mr. Wakefield in adopting it may not be so complete from reflecting that (in the feelings of a universal charity, doubtless) he has taken abundant care that the defenders of church and state, in opposition to Mr. Fox's views, should not be wanting in that same test of their claims on the gratitude and admiration of mankind.

The general result of our perusal of this small, but, on the whole, interesting volume, as well as of our reflection on the personal qualities of the respective writers, may be summed up in a few last words. The statesman leaves on our minds the impression of a person possessed of a calm and dispassionate mind, carefully examining its own operations, weighing its opinions, suggesting with a diffidence, apparently unaffected, the results of a mature and penetrating judgment, and even in a great political measure (that of returning, after his secession, to parliament) professing to have been guided by the sentiments of others.* On the other hand, we see the self-important scholar verifying to the close of life that justly earned and too applicable epithet; equally

* Vide p. 133.

vehement and authoritative in maintaining the most ancient and most novel doctrines, the most certain facts, and most questionable hypotheses; and demanding, in truth, a homage to his opinions which others might have blushed to receive unasked. How much does the glance of an unavailing regret increase our chagrin when it supposes the picture reversed!—when it imagines the former character drawing from the resources of his own great mind alone, those resolutions and plans of actions which might have made him the reformer and guide, instead of being the dupe and the tool, of a weak but domineering party; and to have seen the other throwing up those reins of proud independence, which every stage of life proved him less and less fit to hold; and under the prudent guidance of some experienced director of his course illuminating with his rays that world, which he well nigh set on fire like Phæton, by his presumptuous indiscretion.

Again, we see, with some mixture of pleasing emotion, an apparent frankness, sincerity, and warmth of feeling on the part of Mr. Wakefield, which we in vain looked for in the expressions of his correspondent. Mr. Fox, guarded, shrewd, and self-possessed, like a true man of the world, discerning the strong and weak points of the other, adapting himself to them, and evidently as contented with the easy enjoyment of a literary correspondence with his friend in gaol as with his friend at home—Mr. Fox, we must say, seems to us to have wanted, or to have worn away, many of those noble and tender sensibilities, of which the undue and unrestrained indulgence so much misled Mr. Wakefield; but which, in misleading him, made him no less an object of pity to the feeling, and regret to the reflecting, than one of caution to the wise, and of terror to the peaceful.

In both characters we see instanced the lamentable operation of false or defective principles. We see these two men, confessedly in one of the most important crises which their country had ever experienced, more intent on settling the final, and the *Æolic* digamma, or the precedence of Ovid and Virgil, than on those portentous events which, in public, they represented as involving every thing important to the highest interests of man. In Mr. Fox's correspondence we see little or no zeal expressed for right opinions on the constitution of that country of whose cause he was the patriotic defender; in that of Mr. Wakefield's letters we perceive as little attention to the cause of a religion of which he professed himself at once the preacher and reformer. They had, evidently, much to learn on these points, each respectively of the other. Though it was the misfortune, or rather fault, of both to believe but little, yet each believed something in his peculiar province which we have reason to fear was not admitted by the other. Mr. Fox, it is true, did not systematically scoff at revelation, (he

was too wise,) nor did Mr. Wakefield openly proclaim anarchy and regicide; he was too decent; yet had each used the opportunity he possessed for the improvement of the other, we might have been relieved from many apprehensions as to what were really the views of both; and some proofs, let us indulge the hope, might have been added, to the very few hitherto produced by their respective friends, of the social virtue of a Wakefield and the christian belief of a Fox.



Essays on the Sources of the Pleasures received from Literary Composition. (Continued from page 370. vol. 3.)

[From the Eclectic Review.]

THE sixth essay is on melancholy.

“There is (says the essayist) a wonderful propensity in the human mind to seek for pleasure among the sources of pain. We have a delight in the compositions which agitate with terror, and fondly return to the tale of sorrow. Nor are we attracted merely by the fears or calamities of others; what is more remarkable, we are pleased with the passages which raise our melancholy on our own account. Of this kind are all those passages (and there are none more popular) which give striking descriptions of the evils of life, of those evils to which we find ourselves every moment exposed.” P. 175. “Horace frequently reminds us how soon the joys of this life pass away, and how soon we must part with every object of attachment; yet these are some of the verses which we are aptest to commit to memory, and fondest of repeating.” P. 176.

In the first place, when the mind is depressed by misfortune, it cannot bear the images of gayety; just as the eye, when long used to darkness, shrinks from the cheerful sunshine. It takes refuge then in such poetry as is accordant to its present feelings, in descriptions, and sometimes exaggerated ones, of the miseries of life. In the next place, as the author observes, melancholy thoughts are frequently conversant with what have been our happiest hours.

“In the recollection of joys that are past, which is the kind of melancholy that we are the fondest to indulge, the conception of these

joys renews in some degree the sensations of our happier days, and relieves with its brighter colouring the gloom of sorrow." P. 131.

After all, melancholy is frequently a disease, and frequently an affectation. There is little of it in the robust geniuses, in Milton, and Shakspeare, and Homer; Pope and Horace have more of it; but the most exquisitely melancholy personages are the contributors to the magazines, the Lauras, and Annas, and Rosas; gentle souls, whose very breathing is a sigh, who walk out—perhaps we ought to say stray or wander forth—with a handkerchief in one hand and a pencil in the other, and weep, and moan, and indite most lamentable ditties upon every thing that ever was, is, or can, or shall be.

We are glad to relieve a little the tediousness of critical discussion by a pretty long extract from the next essay, the subject of which is the tender affections.

"I know not, for instance, if any representation can either awaken more delightful emotions, or raise us higher above selfish and ungenerous feelings, than the following relation, which deserves so well to be recorded, for the honour of the fair sex, and the instruction of ours. It is taken from General Burgoyne's *State of the Expedition into Canada*, during the campaigns of 1776 and 1777. On the march of the 19th of September, 1777, Lady Harriet Ackland, the wife of Major Ackland, of the grenadiers, had been directed by her husband to follow the route of the artillery and baggage, which was not exposed, his own party being liable to action at every step. The relation is continued by General Burgoyne in these words:

"At the time the action began, she found herself near a small uninhabited hut, where she alighted. When it was found the action was becoming general and bloody, the surgeons of the hospital took possession of the same place, as the most convenient for the first care of the wounded. Thus was this lady in hearing of one continued fire of cannon and musketry for some hours together, with the presumption, from the post of her husband at the head of the grenadiers, that he was in the most exposed part of the action. She had three female companions, the Baroness of Reidesel, and the wives of two British officers, Major Harnage and Lieutenant Reynell; but, in the event, their presence served but little for comfort. Major Harnage was soon brought to the surgeons very badly wounded; and a little while after came intelligence that Lieutenant Reynell was shot dead. Imagination will want no helps to figure the state of the whole group.

"From the date of that action to the 7th of October, Lady Harriet, with her usual serenity, stood prepared for new trials. And it was her lot that their severity increased with their numbers. She was again exposed to the hearing of the whole action, and at last received the shock of her individual misfortune, mixed with the intelligence of the

general calamity; the troops were defeated, and Major Ackland, desperately wounded, was a prisoner.

“ ‘ The day of the 8th was passed by Lady Harriet and her companions in common anxiety: not a tent or a shed being standing, except what belonged to the hospital, their refuge was among the wounded and the dying.

“ ‘ I soon received a message from Lady Harriet, submitting to my decision a proposal (and expressing an earnest solicitude to execute it, if not interfering with my designs) of passing to the camp of the enemy, and requesting General Gates’s permission to attend her husband.

“ ‘ Though I was ready to believe (for I had experienced) that patience and fortitude, in a supreme degree, were to be found, as well as every virtue, under the most tender forms, I was astonished at this proposal. After so long an agitation of spirits, exhausted not only for want of rest, but absolutely for want of food, drenched in rains for twelve hours together, that a woman should be capable of such an undertaking as delivering herself to the enemy, probably in the night, and uncertain of what hands she might fall into, appeared an effort above human nature. The assistance I was enabled to give was small indeed; I had not even a cup of wine to offer her; but I was told she had found, from some kind and fortunate hand, a little rum and dirty water. All I could furnish to her was an open boat, and a few lines, written upon dirty and wet paper, to General Gates, recommending her to his protection.

“ ‘ Mr. Brudenell, the chaplain to the artillery, readily undertook to accompany her, and with one female servant, and the major’s valet de chambre, (who had a ball, which he had received in the late action, then in his shoulder,) she rowed down the river to meet the enemy. But her distresses were not yet to end. The night was advanced before the boat reached the enemy’s outposts, and the sentinel would not let it pass, nor even come to shore. In vain Mr. Brudenell offered the flag of truce, and represented the state of the extraordinary passenger. The guard, apprehensive of treachery, and punctilious to their orders, threatened to fire into the boat, if they stirred before daylight. Her anxiety and sufferings were thus protracted through seven or eight dark and cold hours; and her reflections upon that first reception could not give her very encouraging ideas of the treatment she was afterwards to expect. But it is due to justice, as the close of this adventure, to say, that she was received and accommodated by General Gates, with all the humanity and respect, that her rank, her merits, and her fortunes deserved.’ ” P. 229—233.

We come, in the eighth Essay, to a subject, than which, says the author, “few speculative subjects have occasioned greater perplexity”—beauty. “We speak,” says he, “of a beautiful woman, and a beautiful tree; a beautiful building, and a beautiful piece of music; a beautiful poem, and a beautiful theorem.” We do so; and all the perplexity arises, as it appears to us,

from our applying the word *beautiful* to objects which affect us with very different feelings. Let us endeavour to distinguish them.

In the first place, our senses and the objects of nature are so adapted one to the other, that almost every thing external which we contemplate affords us pleasure, sensual pleasure. The thing which thus pleases we call beautiful, though, perhaps, common conversation has limited that term to the objects of sight. Of this pleasure, be it observed, we can give no account. We are pleased, we know not why. The Deity has so willed it; it is a proof of his goodness that he has. Thus, almost all the *colours*, and all the combinations of them which we meet with in nature, are agreeable to the eye; the same may be said of almost all the *forms*, whether the soft and waving outline of hills and meadows, or the angularities of rocks and trees. Nothing seems to us more idle than to inquire further into the matter; and nothing more unfounded than the distinction which Mr. Price has endeavoured to institute between the beautiful and the picturesque.

In the exercise of the understanding and the reasoning powers, every one knows how distressing are confusion and perplexity, and how agreeable, on the contrary, it is to have the steps of a proposition laid down in a regular, clear, intelligible train. The pleasure thus received is, to our minds, of a perfectly different kind from that received in the contemplation of external nature; yet we describe the object that affords it as *beautiful*;—"we speak of a beautiful theorem." That the beauty consists in the intelligibility of every step, and the connected order of the whole, will appear from analyzing any particular theorem. We choose the forty-seventh of the first book of Euclid, as one with which many of our readers must be acquainted, and which every one who is so must acknowledge to be most "beautiful." It is required, then, to prove that the squares upon the sides of any right-angled triangle are, together, equal to the square upon the hypotenuse. The squares being described, and three lines added to the diagram, we find the square upon the hypotenuse divided into two parallelograms and two additional triangles formed. By the help of former propositions it is proved that the two triangles are equal, that the square upon one side of the original triangle is double of one of them, and one of the parallelograms into which the square upon the hypotenuse has been divided double of the other; and it is thence inferred that the square and the parallelogram are equal. In a similar manner it may be shown that the square is equal to the other parallelogram; and it is inferred that the two squares taken together are equal to the two parallelograms taken together, that is, to the square upon the hypotenuse. Suppose, now, that the two triangles had been said to be equal, and the reader referred for a

proof to some future proposition; or suppose that it had not already been proved that a parallelogram is double of a triangle on the same base and between the same parallels—and the author had stopt short in the middle of his theorem to prove it, or had thrown the proof into a note; would not the proposition have lost much of its *beauty*? The understanding would be distressed, either by taking that for granted which had not been proved, or by having the train of reasoning broken in upon by extraneous proof.

Most persons would speak of geometry as more “beautiful” than any algebraical calculus. Yet they lead, perhaps, exactly to the same conclusion, and the algebraical calculus by an infinitely speedier process. The geometrician walks, the algebraist flies in a travelling carriage and six. But then the understanding is assisted by the senses in geometry, and, moreover, sees the meaning of every step that is taken. The walker sees his road before him, and turns to the right or left, or goes straight forward, as he judges necessary; the man in the travelling carriage knows he shall be taken right, draws up his blinds, falls asleep, and finds himself, after a time, at the end of his journey, hardly knowing how he got there.

We ought just to notice that, from that curiosity providentially implanted in our natures, we have a pleasure in arriving at any truth, and that pleasure is the greater as the truth is more extensive; and, moreover, if the truth lie very remote, there is a pride and a pleasure in overcoming the difficulties in the way to it. And this last frequently adds greatly to the *beauty* of a proposition. For instance, if a body be compelled to move in an elliptical orbit by a force situated in one of the focuses of the ellipse, we can prove that the intensity of this force must vary inversely as the square of the distance from it; we can prove this in a series of steps, each one as well grounded, and all as well connected, as those in the theorem of Euclid, above given; moreover, the truth is of the utmost importance, and of an application as extensive as the planetary system; and further, the method used in coming at it (*viz.* that of limiting ratios) is so subtle as to be highly gratifying to the pride of human intellect. Reasoning is always carried on by means of intermediate ideas; in reasoning by the method of prime and ultimate ratios, that intermediate idea is a nonentity; upon all these three grounds we pronounce the proposition “beautiful.”

We would not be understood to mean, by these examples, that the beauty which addresses itself to the understanding is limited to mathematical reasoning. Moral reasoning, though it certainly does not admit of the same precision, is, however, in its degree, very pleasing to the mind. We know of no specimen of moral reasoning, of which the steps follow one another more connectedly,

more mathematically, where the understanding finds itself more at ease, or takes in the subject more readily at one general view, than the second book of Paley's *Moral Philosophy*. There is, indeed, an incurable defect in the principle, as addressed to fallible creatures, but this is nothing to the beauty of the argument.

We have been thus long (thus tedious, we are afraid) upon this subject, not because of its connexion with essays on the pleasures of the imagination, but to show how utterly unconnected they are, and to do away, in some measure, the perplexity which arises from using the same word for things essentially different.

The beauty of external objects, then, and the beauty of a theorem, we consider as perfectly distinct, and the latter as having no place in an inquiry into the sources of the pleasures of taste. But there is still another kind of beauty—that which addresses itself to the moral feelings. To a good man the exercise of the tender affections, “comprehending all the different modifications of love, from the transient good will which we feel for a common stranger, to the fondness with which the mother watches over her child in distress, or which unites the hearts of absent lovers,” is most delightful. The husband of an amiable woman, the father of an affectionate family, the man who can look up with confidence to the friend of his father and the guardian of his youth, he who retains in after-life the dear companions of his boyish days, or who, “illustriously lost” to the world, is surrounded in his native village by happy tenants and retainers—these are, perhaps, among the most enviable of mortal men. Our feelings are thus providentially regulated, and there is an end of the matter. Accordingly, from the sympathy of our nature, the sight of such objects—of a happy family, of fast friends, of a kind master and grateful servants—is called *beautiful*; not, indeed, because it affects us at all in a similar way with the beauties of nature, still less with the beauties of regular and accurate demonstration, (at least, we can discover no such similarity in our own feelings,) but simply because it confers a pleasure, a calm pleasure.

Beauty, then, (in the common, loose sense of the word,) addresses itself to the senses, the understanding, or the moral feelings. Poetical beauty speaks to the imagination, or rather, perhaps, to the senses and the moral feelings through the medium of the imagination. There is much ambiguity in the common use of the expression, “pleasures of imagination.” The pleasures of sight and of hearing are no more pleasures of imagination than those of taste and smell: the delight experienced at the rich glow and glorious colours of an evening sky, or the music of the spring,

is as merely *sensual* as an alderman's at a turtle feast, or a carman's at a quid of tobacco. In the same manner the pleasures of imagination are not to be confounded with those received immediately by our moral sensibilities.

The pleasures of the imagination are those received from the contemplation of objects which are not immediately before us, but which we have the power of conjuring up to ourselves. For every thing in nature that, when present, is delightful to the senses, we can, when absent, recall vividly to our minds, and receive from the image, perhaps, a greater pleasure than from the original. We say a greater pleasure, for, besides that there seems to be something pleasurable in the exercise of the faculty, we can, by a proper selection and combination of really existing things, create to ourselves more agreeable scenes than any, perhaps, that are to be found in nature. "When we look at a landscape, we can fancy a thousand additional embellishments. Mountains loftier and more picturesque; rivers more copious, more limpid, and more beautifully winding; smoother and wider lawns; valleys more richly diversified; caverns and rocks more gloomy and more stupendous; ruins more majestic; buildings more magnificent; oceans more varied with islands, more splendid with shipping, or more agitated by storm, than any we have ever seen, it is easy for human imagination to conceive."* The same may be said of that class of beautiful objects which are perceived by the moral feelings. "It is easy to see," says our author in another place, how "the imagination may conceive a race of mortals far more amiable and respectable than the best and most accomplished of human creatures." In fact, the reader has only to call to mind a few of the heroes and heroines of poetry and romance, and compare them with the plain, homely beings of this "working-day world," to acknowledge the truth of the remark.

We must not leave the subject of beauty without just observing how superior the pleasures of the moral feelings are to those of the senses;—how much of the beauty of the human countenance is the beauty of expression; how insipid the best features are, if not lighted up by the soul; and, on the contrary, how pleasing good temper and good sense will sometimes render even the plainest face;—how much of the pleasure received from the prospect of a lovely scene arises from a sympathy with the imaginary beings with which we never fail to people it, and from recollections somehow associated with it;—and how gladly we turn from the description of mere external nature to that of human

* Beattie, on Poetry and Music, Part I. Chap. 3.

actions and human feelings, from the "hesperian fruit" and "oriental pearl," and "mazy rills running nectar," to the

—————"Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
Godlike erect."

Thus the philosophical poet,

—————"Beauty dwells,
There most conspicuous, e'en in outward shape,
Where dawns the high expression of a mind."

And again,

—————"Is aught so fair
In all the dewy landscapes of the spring
In the bright eye of Hesper or the morn,
In nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
As virtuous friendship; as the candid blush
Of him who strives with fortune to be just?
The graceful tear that streams for other's woes?
Or the mild majesty of private life,
Where peace," &c.
"Mind, mind alone, (bear witness, earth and heaven!)
The living fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime."

Our author has now gone through the sublime, the pathetic, and the beautiful: there is still, however, a large class of the objects of imagination, and of literary compositions, left unnoticed. The last essay is devoted to the ludicrous. The essayist adopts the theory of Dr. Hutcheson, who maintains, in his *Reflections on Laughter*, that "the ludicrous consists in the contrast of dignity and meanness, whether the dignity and meanness reside both in the same object, or in different objects which are nearly related to each other." Against this theory, our readers know, Dr. Beattie and others have contended, "as not sufficiently comprehensive," maintaining, that the "ludicrous results from incongruity in general, or from some unsuitableness, or want of relation in certain respects, among objects which are related in other respects." "Laughter," says Beattie, "arises from the view of two or more inconsistent, unsuitable, or incongruous parts or circumstances, considered as united in one complex object or assemblage, or as acquiring a sort of mutual relation from the peculiar manner in which the mind takes notice of them." Almost the whole of the essay before us is taken up with considering the cases which Dr. Beattie has stated in opposition to Dr. Hutcheson.

We are certainly of opinion that Dr. Beattie made his case good; that is, that he produced many things confessedly ludicrous in which the incongruity was not of dignity with meanness. As, however, we doubt of the truth of Dr. Beattie's own theory, (for we do not by any means think that laughter *always* "arises from the view of two or more inconsistent, unsuitable, or incongruous parts or circumstances,") we shall not spend any time upon this dispute, but shall just take occasion to state what occurs to ourselves upon the "ludicrous."

The ludicrous in composition may, perhaps, be safely divided into wit and humour. Humour is the imitation of the ridiculous in human character. As we have moral feelings, by which we love or admire what is amiable or great in human character, and by which we detest the more gigantic vices, so we have feelings of ridicule, also, for the lesser vices, for petty meannesses, and all infringements of what the French call the *petites morales*. This appears to have been Aristotle's view of the matter.

We are aware of an objection to this: it looks like making ridicule the test of truth. But our feelings were given us at our birth; they are applied as habit and education dictate. The stream was supplied by nature, the channel is cut by custom. All our feelings are perverted. Admiration is no more the test of truth than ridicule. We as frequently admire great and splendid vices as we laugh at what is worthy or amiable. These feelings might be given us for useful purposes, and yet degraded, as in their present state, as often do harm as good. Humour addresses itself to our perceptions of the ridiculous—and, accordingly, we shall find it engaged in portraying and exaggerating these said little blemishes and foibles. Let us turn to Molière—an author who has, perhaps, taken a wider range here than any other. What do we find ourselves laughing at while reading Molière? At the meannesses of avarice, at the absurdities of pedantry, and affectation, and vanity, at coxcombs, and clowns, and hypochondriacs. If Harpagon had been represented as oppressing the poor, or as turning away from misery without relieving it, we should have detested him, not laughed at him. But when we see him puffing out the candle ends, lest he should be ruined, stooping in a violent fit of passion to pick up a pin, fumbling about the *hauts-de-chausses* of a footman he is turning off, lest he should carry away any thing with him—his avarice is then ridiculous only. What is it that we laugh at in the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme?" Ignorance and vanity;—an ignorance which education has made us consider as ludicrous, and a vanity that is naturally ridiculous. "I am quite in a passion," says he to his master of philosophy, "with my father and mother for not having had me instructed in the sciences

when I was young." "You are quite in the right," says the other, "nam sine doctrina vita est quasi mortis imago. You understand that? of course you are acquainted with latin?" O—yes;—but—but—make as if I were not; explain the meaning of that to me." And afterwards.

"*M. Jourdain.* I must let you into a secret. You must know I'm in love with a lady of quality, and I want you to help me in composing a little kind of a billet-doux. That will be gallant, you know.

"*Master.* To be sure. What, would you have this billet-doux in verse?

"*M. Jourdain.* O, no, no; no verse.

"*Master.* You choose plain prose.

"*M. Jourdain.* No, I don't choose either prose or verse.

"*Master.* It must be one or the other.

"*M. Jourdain.* Why must it?

"*Master.* Because we can only express ourselves in prose or verse.

"*M. Jourdain.* What! is there nothing but prose and verse?

"*Master.* No, Sir. All that is not verse is prose, and all that is not prose is verse.

"*M. Jourdain.* Why, when one talks, what is that?

"*Master.* Prose.

"*M. Jourdain.* What! when I tell the servant to bring me my nightcap and slippers, is that prose?" &c.

Away goes *M. Jourdain* with the grand discovery to his wife and maid servant.

"*M. Jourdain.* You speak like brute beasts; I'm ashamed of your ignorance. For instance, do you know what that is you are saying?

"*Madame Jourdain.* Yes, I know that what I am saying is very well said, and that you ought to think of living after another fashion.

"*M. Jourdain.* I'm not talking of that; I ask you what—what those words are that you are saying.

"*Madame Jourdain.* Very sensible words, to be sure: I wish your conduct were as much so.

"*M. Jourdain.* I tell you I'm not talking of that. What I ask you is this—this that I'm saying, what I'm saying now to you, what is it?

"*Madame Jourdain.* Why, nonsense.

"*M. Jourdain.* Pooh! pooh! that's not what I mean. This that we are both saying? the language that we are using to one another?

"*Madame Jourdain.* Anon.

"*M. Jourdain.* What is it called?

"*Madame Jourdain.* Why, what people choose.

"*M. Jourdain.* It's prose, you dunce.

"*Madame Jourdain.* Prose?

"*M. Jourdain*. Yes, prose. All that is not verse is prose, and all that is not prose is verse."

Or, let us take an instance from "*Les femmes savantes*." A vain poet is reciting his verses ("To a Lady in a Fever") to some ladies who affect to be judges.

"*Trissotin*. Sure you had lull'd to sleep your sense,
To treat with such magnificence,
And to lodge so loyally
Your most cruel enemy.

"*Belise*. Ah! what a sweet beginning!

"*Armande*. How gallant
That turn is!

"*Philaminte*. Ah, for running easy verse
There is none like him.

"*Armande*. Lull'd your sense to sleep!
Can any thing be finer?

"*Belise*. Lodge your enemy!
Don't you prefer that?

"*Philaminte*. Ay, but then, remember,
'With such magnificence!' 'so royally!'
What well-picked terms!

"*Belise*. Come, let us hear the rest.

"*Trissotin*. Sure you had lull'd to sleep your sense,
To treat with such magnificence,
And to lodge so royally,
Your most cruel enemy.

"*Belise*. Ah! lull'd your sense to sleep!

"*Armande*. 'Your cruel enemy!'

"*Philaminte*. 'With such magnificence!' 'so royally!'

"*Trissotin*. Bid it go, whate'er they say,
From that rich saloon away,
Or the proud ungrateful elf
Will attack your lonely self.

"*Belise*. Ah, stop, for pity; let me, let me breathe.

"*Armande*. Give me a moment's leisure to admire.

"*Philaminte*. One feels, while hearing this, a kindly fainting
Glide to the bottom of one's very soul.

"*Armande*. 'Bid it go, whate'er they say,
From that rich saloon away.'

'That rich saloon!' O, what a sweet expression!
And what a noble metaphor that is!

"*Philaminte*. 'Bid it go, whate'er they say!'
Whate'er they say 's in admirable taste.
In my opinion, 'tis invaluable.

"*Armande*. And I'm in love, too, with 'whate'er they say.'

"*Belise*. It is most happy, sure. 'Whate'er they say!' &c.

We will make one more extract from the "*Malade Imaginaire*." Argan, the valetudinarian, is "cockered and spirited up" till he refuses to take some medicines of his apothecary, M. Purgon, on which the enraged *Æsculapian* cries out

"Since you don't choose to be cured by me—

"*Argan*. It is not my fault.

"*Purgon*. Since you have withdrawn yourself from the obedience you owe your doctor—

"*Toinette*. O, to be sure; that cries out for vengeance.

"*Purgon*. Since you have rebelled against my appointments—

"*Argan*. Not I.

"*Purgon*. I have to tell you that I abandon you; I abandon you to your bad constitution, to the disorder of your intestines, to the corruption of your blood, to the acidity of your bile, to the seculence of your humours.

"*Argan*. Good heaven!

"*Purgon*. And before four days are over your head, you shall be in the ward of incurables.

"*Argan*. O!

"*Purgon*. You shall fall into trady-pepsy—

"*Argan*. Mr. Purgon!

"*Purgon*. From a trady-pepsy into a dys-pepsy—

"*Argan*. Mr. Purgon!

"*Purgon*. From a dyspepsy into an apepsy—

"*Argan*. Mr. Purgon!

"*Purgon*. From an apepsy into a lientery—

"*Argan*. Mr. Purgon!

"*Purgon*. From a lientery into a dysentery—

"*Argan*. Mr. Purgon!

"*Purgon*. From a dysentery into a dropsy—

"*Argan*. Mr. Purgon!

"*Purgon*. From a dropsy into death."

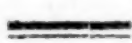
Now, in these passages we cannot at all perceive that we laugh at "the view of any incongruous parts or circumstances." We laugh at the oddities and infirmities of human character; and, if we were asked why we laugh at them, we answer, because they are ridiculous, and, if we are asked why they appear ridiculous, truly we cannot tell, but they do appear so for all that, and, therefore, we laugh. Lest, however, it should be thought that some advantage is gained by thus running us with questions till we can give no answer, we may just observe, that every theory on every subject is liable to the same inconvenience. Why do you laugh, we might retort, at "the view of unsuitable or incongruous parts or circumstances?" We must come at last to some natural feeling, of which we can give no account, and truly it appears

more rational to laugh where vice may be put out of countenance, than to laugh at these said incongruities.

We may just observe that laughable qualities may be so mixed up with amiable ones as not to render a character ridiculous. There is something even venerable in the oddities of Sir Roger de Coverley, or "my uncle Toby." Just as many vices may be given to a character, which yet, by the intermixture of glittering qualities, shall be far from odious.

As to wit, we will not quarrel with the received definition of it, because we certainly have not a better to propose in its place, yet we think that we could point out some exceedingly witty sayings, which hardly fall within its limit.

We have now gone through all the subjects in this book. If we have said but little of the author, it has been because there is but little to be said of him. He brings forth nothing original, nor does he say old things in a remarkably striking manner. Moreover, he is sometimes tedious, and his quotations are not always culled in the very best taste. But after all, we can recommend the book to our readers as containing a great deal of very just criticism.



The New Art of Memory. Founded upon the principles taught by M. Gregor Von Feinaigle. To which is prefixed some account of the Principal Systems of Artificial Memory, from the earliest period to the present time. 12mo. Pp. 408.

[From the Eclectic Review.]

THIS is one of the most absurd things, in the shape of a scientific production, that we ever remember to have seen. Had we been told in private of the learned professor's plan, heard his system explained, and seen the prospectus of his lectures, we should have said that either they would prove too dull to be listened to, or else would be attended, laughed at, and forgotten. Instead of all this, M. Gregor Von Feinaigle comes over from Paris with the testimonies of philosophers in his favour—gives his lectures at the Royal Institution—repeats them at the Surrey Institution—has them taken down by some warm admirer—digested, systematized, and published in the work before us—sees his disciples spreading all over the kingdom, and delivering and publishing their lectures in our provincial towns—students committing his hieroglyphics to memory—and parents imbuing little children

of four years old with his system. If the fashion continues, we shall have ladies recollecting their morning calls, and footmen their messages, by means of Professor Von F.'s symbols; the tradesman will call in "Sancho Panza," and the "golden calf," to assist in making out his bills; the gardener will throw aside his calendar, and only inquire, for the future, in what compartment, of what wall, of what room, anemonies and tulips, scarlet beans and asparagus are placed; and the rhetorician's memory will be stored with such choice and delicate images as,

"A *bat* is seen flying after a *mouse*, which shelters itself under a *cap*, stuck full of *needles*. There is some *mutton* for dinner, and a *roll* to eat with it. The *tub* and *soap* show that it is washing day; the servants, playing with the children and their *doll*, have forgotten to boil the *cabbage* and the *pudding*. As a compensation for this loss, a large bottle of *rum* is produced." P. 260.

"*Midas*, or the man with the long ears, has just received a present of *three hens*; he puts one in each ear, and one in his mouth, the hens are so near to each other, they are almost (*united*.) P. 267.

Every one knows how entirely dependent the memory is upon the association of ideas. The clock striking recalls to our mind business to be done—the corner of a street thoughts that we had revolved there. If we wish to find a half-forgotten passage in any book, we can generally remember whether it was on the right or left hand page, at the top or at the bottom, towards the beginning or towards the end. If we wish to recall a conversation to the recollection of a friend, we put him in mind of the spot it was held in, the persons who were present, the remarks that had preceded it. Accordingly, where there are no associations of this kind to help the memory, we find people supplying artificial ones. The Pelew islander ties a knot in a cord when he wishes to remember a particular object; the Frenchman puts a blank paper in his snuff box. These, however, are simple expedients. It might be expected that the necessity of the busy, or the ingenuity of the idle, would soon furnish a *system* of artificial memory. Accordingly, we find this done as early as the year 535 B. C. by the poet Simonides; and our author has enumerated no fewer than sixty books, manuscript and published, on the subject.

Of these Dr. Grey's is the most known, and, in our opinion, the most likely to be useful. The first thing he does is to represent each of the numerical figures by a vowel and a consonant, thus:

a	e	i	o	u	au	oi	ei	ou	y
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0
b	d	t	f	l	s	p	k	n	z

These representative letters are not assigned at random. The five vowels are put in their natural order for the five first figures, and the letters which make the diphthongs au, oi, ou, respectively, make up 6, 7, 9; ei are the initial letters of eight. Of the consonants, t, f, s, and n, are the initials of three, four, six, and nine; b, as the first consonant, represents one; d is the initial of the latin *duo*, two; p and k are consonants in *septem* and οκτω, seven and eight; and l, which is put for five, is the Roman numeral for fifty; why y and z are put for the cipher, we believe, no reason is given. Here, then, is nothing to burden the learner's memory; nothing which is not acquired in two minutes. Now, when any date or number is to be remembered, we have nothing to do but, by means of the vowels and consonants given above, to make it into one or more syllables, and annex them to the word to which they belong. Thus, if I wish to know that Louis 14th died in 1715, I express it thus, *Lou-die-pal*, (where 1,000 is omitted without any danger of mistake,) *com-aulei* gives the number of the house of commons; *com-esu* the date of its first formation, (1,000 again omitted,) *Sn-ilpa* shows the height of Snowdon in feet; and *temper-al* the degree at which temperate is marked on Fahrenheit's thermometer. The system proceeds upon the supposition that even an unmeaning syllable, thus associated with any word, is more easily remembered than an unconnected date. We can confidently recommend the plan on our own experience, advising, however, those who may use it, to make their own *mnemonic* words, rather than adopt those of Dr. Grey.

Grey's system is different, we believe, from all the others, which follow, or profess to follow, that of no less a person than Simonides. Simonides, it appears, though a poet, was, like our laureates, not ashamed of writing for money. A rich old fellow bargains with him for a poem; and as, when any rich man among us orders a picture, it is generally a portrait of himself, so the subject of this Scopas's poem was to be no other than Scopas. Now, we apprehend, that, had Garrick stipulated with Reynolds for his portrait, he certainly would never have fallen in a passion and refused the painter half his price, because he had added thereto the figures of tragedy and comedy. But so it was. Simonides adds to his poem as much again upon Castor and Pollux, and loses half the money he had been promised. The consequence is, that Castor and Pollux, taking upon themselves to avenge the wrongs of their poet, and being rather indiscriminate in their anger, call out Simonides from a feast, to which, with many others, he had been invited by Scopas, and bring down the banqueting-room upon the heads of all the rest of the guests, "bruising them so to death, that not a lineament of them could be known."

“ Simonides, by recollecting the manner in which they sat at table, was enabled to distinguish them, and to deliver them to their friends for burial. The aid which the recollection of the poet received, on this occasion, is said to have suggested the idea of an artificial memory.” P. 6.

On this system of the poet's, multitudes have endeavoured to improve. Our author, as we have said, enumerates sixty. Being ourselves by no means fond of black-letter reading and moth-eaten MSS. we shall take the liberty of passing over this part of the work, just stopping, however, to warn the reader of weak memory against certain meats and drinks.

“ Let them also forbear marow, (which is in bones,) Crans fleshe, fishe, especially if it be clammy and nourished in diches or holes, colde pot herbes, milke, cheese, especially much, or naughtie; fruites moist and not ripe or often, but sometimes they maye eate sharper or tarter meates, chiefly in the winter, as garlike, peniroyall, or calamint, capers, being watered; mustard is praised of Pythagoras, they must eate little and speciallye at supper; they must drink no water, except it be sod with hony, or cinnamon, or some other pleasant spices.” P. 25.

Further on we find receipts for “ powders” and “ pills” for the use of the memory, and also “ a perfumed apple for comforting” the same faculty.

“ Take laudanum, lignum, aloes, storax, of each a dram; cloves, nutmegs, sweet basil seed, of each half a dram; with rosewater, in which a small quantity of mosch and ambergrise has been dissolved, make an apple.” P. 186.

Mr. Willis gives us, in the following verses, “twenty-two” “ affairs :”

*“ An? quisquid? cujus? cui? quo? quibus? auxilijs? cur?
Quomodo? circa quid? qualis? quantum? ex, in et a quo?
Quamdiu? ubi? quando? quoties? quotuplex? quot et unde?”*

which are thus translated by Mr. Sowersby, into what he calls *verses*, and which, if they are meant for English hexameters, contain a notable trial of skill for the fingers of all young scanners:

“ If? who? what? whose? to what? whether? why? about
what?
How? what fashion? how much? by, of, in, and from what?
How long? how often? how manifold? whence came that?
Where, when, how many?”

These questions Mr. Sowersby proceeds to illustrate at great length; but we prefer Mr. Shandy's illustration as quite as useful, and far more pleasant.

"The verbs auxiliary we are concerned in here, continued my father, are, *am, was; have, had; do, did; make, made; suffer; shall, should; will, would; can, could; owe, ought; used, or it is wont.* And these, varied with tenses *present, past, and future*—conjugated with the verb *see*—or with these questions added to them—*Is it? Was it? Will it be? Would it be? May it be?*—And these again put negatively, *Is it not? Was it not? Ought it not?*—or affirmatively, *It is; it was; it ought to be;*—or chronologically, *Has it been always? Lately? How long ago?*—or hypothetically, *If it was; If it was not, what would follow?* If the French should beat the English—if the sun go out of the zodiac."

"Didst thou ever see a white bear?" cried my father—turning round to Trim, who stood at the back of his chair. "No, an' please your honour," replied the corporal. "But thou could'st discourse about one, Trim," said my father, "in case of need?" "How is it possible," quoth my uncle Toby, "if the corporal never saw one?" "'Tis the fact I want," replied my father—"and the possibility of it as follows:

"A white bear! Very well. Have I ever seen one? Might I ever have seen one? Am I ever to see one? Ought I ever to have seen one? Or can I ever see one?"

"Would I had seen a white bear—for how can I imagine it?"

"If I should see a white bear, what should I say? If I should never see a white bear, what then?"

"If I never have, can, must, or shall see a white bear alive, have I ever seen the skin of one? Did I ever see one painted—described? Have I never dreamed of one?"

"Did my father, mother, uncle, aunt, brothers, or sisters, ever see a white bear? What would they give? How would they have behaved? How would the white bear have behaved? Is he wild? tame? terrible? rough? smooth?"

"Is the white bear worth seeing? Is there no sin in it? Is it better than a black one?"

But it is more than time that we should introduce the learned professor's system to our readers. Suppose yourself, then, in any square room that you are acquainted with. Suppose the floor divided, by two lines parallel to the two ends, and two lines parallel to the two sides, into nine compartments. Suppose every one of the walls similarly divided. Ascend (in imagination) into the room above, and do just the same there. This being done, place 1 in the left hand compartment of the top line of the floor of the bottom room; proceed to the right with 2 and 3; to

the next line with 4, 5, 6, and so on. The floor will contain the nine first figures. Place 10 on the ceiling, just over the middle compartment of the left-hand wall, and proceed (just as on the floor) to fill that wall with the figures down to 19 inclusive. Place 20 on the ceiling, over the middle compartment of the next wall to the right, and so on till all the walls of the lower room are filled. Place 50 in the middle of the ceiling of the lower room. Proceed to the upper room, and, in a similar manner, fill all the compartments with the figures up to 100.

“The learner should now exercise himself in finding the situation of the different numbers in the two rooms. Where, for example, are 29, 47, 35, 21, 62, 82, 99, etc. The *room* must be first ascertained; as to this there can be no difficulty, for as 50 is the lesser number in the first room, all the numbers exceeding 50, and as far as 100, will be found in the second room.

“Having found the *room*, the left hand figure will denote the *wall*, and the right hand figure will show the *place*, thus, 29 is in the first room, second wall, and ninth place; 47, fourth wall, seventh place; by cutting off the left hand figure, the numerical order of the wall is given, and the remaining figure acquaints us with the place.” P. 252.

The next thing to be done is to place *symbols* in all these compartments. Thus, in the lower room, 1 is “the tower of Babel;” 2 “Swan;” 3 “Mountain,” and so on through all the hundred compartments. Of these symbols, in their proper order, the author has favoured us with two grand plates. And before the pupil can hope for any advantage from the system, he must have all these symbols fixed in his mind, so as to be able to say what place, of what wall, of what room, any symbol occupies, and, vice versa, what symbol occupies any place of any wall of either room.

Now, we confess that hardly any subsequent excellence in the system could reconcile us to this beginning. In order that the learner may be spared the labour of committing to memory a few unconnected dates, he is to get off by heart, at the very outset, a hundred unconnected symbols; he is to be able to tell what picture M. Feinaigle has put in 47 or 89, and again, in what compartment M. Feinaigle has placed Vesuvius or the cap of liberty. This is as monstrous, as if a man, to save himself the fatigue of walking from London to Leeds, should walk to York, and thence take coach to Leeds; or, to spare the time of going a mile for a loaf of bread, should sit down and grind the corn for making it.

Indeed, we remember a fable of an old man, who, on his death-bed, called his sons around him, and told them that, somewhere in his estate, there was hidden, a foot beneath the surface of the

ground, a treasure which would amply repay the trouble of seeking it. The old man is no sooner committed to the earth than the sons set about ploughing up the whole estate; no treasure, however, is to be found; and the sons at length find out that their trouble is to be repaid by the cultivation which they have thus unwittingly given to their ground. Now, in looking over this book, we have once or twice found the suspicion creeping into our minds, that the professor, with this fable in his eye, was cajoling us all the while, and that the benefit which he intended to the memory was not in the system, but in the practice which the learner has in getting off by rote a hundred hieroglyphics. For ourselves, however, we should certainly choose a more pleasant subject wherewith to exercise our memories.

But seriously; before the disciple of M. Feinaigle spends a fortnight or a month in learning the places of these pictures, in attaining a facility in putting the "guitar-player," and "the direction-post," and "the pack-horse" into their proper compartments; we would advise him to ponder a little with himself on the advantage he is to gain from this prodigious waste of time and trouble. Is it useful knowledge he is thus laying up in his memory? Undoubtedly not. Is it, then, the means of acquiring useful knowledge? No. What is it, then? Merely the means to certain means, whereby useful knowledge is to be attained; the tool, whereby certain instruments are to be made for the performance of some necessary work. We say it is not useful knowledge that the learner is thus acquiring; for certainly nobody would go to say that it can be itself of any real use to me to know that M. Feinaigle has stuck "a fleet" in the middle of the floor, and "justice" in the middle of the ceiling of his upper room. But we say, further, that it is not even the immediate means to useful knowledge. For what is to be got by it? Chiefly, a knowledge of dates, and latitudes, and longitudes. But these things are of themselves only the means of acquiring knowledge. History, or the *chronology of facts*, it is of the utmost importance to be acquainted with; and *in order* that we may be able to arrange facts in their proper sequence, it has been found necessary to refer each to some known period, by their absolute situation in which their relative situation to one another is known. Thus the *chronology of dates* becomes useful. For instance, Thucydides thus dates the first beginnings of the Peloponnesian war;—"in the fifteenth year of the thirty years' truce, in the fifty-second year of the priesthood of Chrysis at Argi, in the ephoralty of Ænesias at Sparta, in the arconship of Pythodorus at Athens, in the sixth month after the battle at Potidæa."* Now, it was necessary, or, at least, it might have

* Thucyd. lib. 2, ad init.

been necessary, for the reader to be apprized of these cotemporaneous circumstances; but what a laborious thing would it be, especially for any modern historian, to date every important event thus! Accordingly, it is enough for us to be told that the Peloponnesian war broke out 431 years B. C. Not that in itself it is of any use for us to know this;—no, but that if we should want to know who was ephor at Sparta, or archon at Athens, when it broke out, we may put together the two dates of 431 B. C. and find out that Ænesias or Pythodorus was. If a person were perfectly acquainted with the chronology of facts, the chronology of dates would to him be of no use. And, from the very principle of association, the former is often more easily remembered than the latter. In tracing the secondary causes which led to the rapid diffusion of Luther's principles, it surely is more easy to remember that Constantinople had some time before been taken by the Turks, that the literati had in consequence fled thence, and taken refuge in Italy, where the family of the Medici were ready to patronize all learned men; that a spirit of inquiry, and thinking, and reading, was thus spread abroad upon the continent, which was prodigiously helped forward by the recent invention of printing; surely, we say, the memory much more easily takes hold of this concatenated series of events, than of the several duties of the invention of printing, of the taking of Constantinople, and the era of the reformation.

Again; another principal use to which the system of M. Feinaigle is to be applied, is the storing up of latitudes and longitudes in the memory. These, too, are mere arbitrary inventions of our own, expressly tending to something beyond themselves. If a man knew the relative position of all the places on the globe, he would have no use for meridians of longitude, and parallels of latitude. The latitude of Moscow, or the latitude of Edinburgh—of what use are the knowledge of these to me in themselves? But by comparing them, I find that Edinburgh has a greater north latitude than Moscow, and by comparing the accounts of a winter at Moscow, with the comparatively mild one that our neighbours enjoy on the other side of the Tweed, I conclude that coldness of climate does not depend solely on distance from the equator. Here is a piece of useful knowledge. What we contend for is, that M. Feinaigle's system is nothing but the means *to* the means of acquiring knowledge. Dates and longitudes will as often be recalled by, as they will recall, facts and situations. And for those few general ones which must be continually in the mind, as way-marks in history and geography, we think that they may be secured more safely, and with far less trouble, than by the method of the learned professor.

But we forget that all this while we are leaving our young dis-

ciple in a room full of hieroglyphics of which he knows not the meaning or the use. We will suppose that they, and their respective situations, are safely laid up in the memory. There is, however, still something else to be stored there; the *literal* signs which M. Feinaigle adopts for the numerical characters, thus :

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0
t	n	m	r	l	d	c	b	p	s
						k	h	f	x
						g	v		z
						q	w		

These signs the reader may think arbitrary; but the professor has his associations in them—such as they are. For instance:

“The figure 7, with a slight curvature, may be made to resemble a crooked stick, and as we shall remember this stick the better if something be hung upon it, a *cage* shall be suspended there. In the word *cage* we obtain the consonants *c* and *g*; *k* also is added to the number, for *c* is more frequently pronounced hard (*ka*) than it is soft (*se*;) *q*, being a guttural and a *crooked* letter, shall go along with the cage and the stick. For the figure 7 there are, then, *c*, *k*, *g*, and *q*.”

At length, then, the reader is initiated; let us proceed to apply the system. The author begins with chronology—a chronological list of the kings of England. And this is his method, as he himself explains it:

“William the Conqueror: A word must be now made from William, the first half *will* is taken, and to this is added *low*, by which *willow* is obtained; this enables us to remember *William*. The willow is fixed upon the *Tower of Babel*, our first symbol; we have then *William I.*, but another circumstance remains; he was the *conqueror*; we hang some *laurel*, the reward of valour, and the crown of conquest, upon the willow tree. The *date* is yet wanting; we say the laurel is dead; in the word *dead*, *d*, *d* for 66; the 1,000 being understood, through the whole series.” P. 265, 266.

The reader may take one or two more of these pleasant pictures.

“Henry V. *Diogenes* has *five hens* in his lantern; they are very noisy and troublesome—(*rout 'em.*) P. 267.

“Henry VII. *Robinson Crusoe* is seen to shoot *seven hens* in a (*rebellion.*)

“Edward VI. We have here the *vaulter*, or rider; one man is a sufficient weight for a horse; but our horse must carry seven. There

are *six guards*, or wards, upon this horse, besides the vaulter, who are all scrambling for a piece of a (*lark.*)”

The kings of England, we may just observe, are all comprised in one room; but should some zealous Roman Catholic wish to have at his fingers' ends the whole series of popes—how many rooms full of symbols must the poor man burden his memory with?

The next chapter is on geography; we shall not trouble our readers with the method of dividing the sphere into compartments, and transferring these compartments to the above-mentioned rooms; because it is only the general principles of the system that we are considering. Some curious observations, however, we cannot help transcribing.

“What we have learned in the common way on globes is soon forgotten, there being no connecting media to bring the different countries to our recollection. Suppose we are looking at a globe, and we fix our eyes upon England, we cannot see its antipodes; places can be seen only in one direction. The Chinese, when shown a map of the world, said, why put us up in a corner? we are in the centre. In fact, everywhere is the centre, and the centre is everywhere. The whole circumference is equally distant from us wherever we may be. The four quarters of the northern hemisphere being arranged on the four walls, when we are in the room, we can, in an instant, see every part of the hemisphere.” P. 278, 279.

As if “the whole circumference” were not “equally distant from us wheresoever we may be” on the artificial globe, and as if it were in M. Feinaigle's geographical room. Truly, we think the *Chinese* might start some very shrewd objections to the professor's ingenious plan.

“On the *seventh* step is *Iceland*. The symbol for 17 is *Archimedes*, or the carpenter; he is breaking up the ice, and that we may remember the name of the celebrated mountain, *Hecla*, we will say that he acquits himself with very great *eclat*.” P. 282.

We are quite tired of this now: if the reader wish for any more he must be content to buy the book, and he may then get a view of particular geography, statistics, history, language, poetry, and prose. We have one or two observations to make before we finish.

In the first place, the professor does not seem to have a very definite notion of the points where the memory stands in need of assistance. History is, of all other things, that which we are the least likely to forget. A train of events, connected together,

either as cause or effect, or as cotemporaneous, is surely more easily kept in mind than one of these absurd sentences. These things are *associated* already in the memory; it is for what is insulated and unconnected that we want some artificial association. Surely the fact, that "a convention was entered into in Egypt, between General Kleber, on the part of the French, and the Grand Vizier, on the part of the Sublime Porte, which was approved by the cabinet of London," is as easily remembered as M. Feinaigle's symbol and the interpretation thereof. In the same manner the connected train of sentiment or narrative in poetry requires only attention to fix it in the memory.

"Turn gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray."

We must here reflect, and imagine that we see a *hermit* standing on the *Tower of Babel*, and turning round with inconceivable rapidity; a very large *taper* is placed upon his head. Angelina is walking by the tower and calling out loudly to the hermit 'to guide her lonely way;' the *taper* cannot fail to suggest the remainder of the stanza." P. 374.

Now we appeal to any one of common sense whether the leading thought of the stanza is not as easily remembered as this ridiculous symbol, if a person does but think as he reads. The picture, then, only gives the supernumerary trouble of *applying* its hieroglyphics to the sense of the poet.

But further, is there no injury likely to accrue to the taste by using symbols like these? Is it to be borne, that instead of the grandeur and elegance of our poets, our children's attention is to be employed upon hermits whirling round with lighted candles on their heads, and men putting hens in their ears? This injury is not confined to the use of this system of mnemonics in poetry; it extends itself everywhere. A disciple of the professor's must always be looking out for these childish pictures—and the more ridiculous they are, we are told, the better. We had ten thousand times rather live with a professed punster, and that is bad enough.

But facts are against us, it will be said. Let them have their weight. Here they are.

"Miss P. K. (11 years of age) repeated fifty stanzas of four lines each, from the second part of Mrs. More's 'Sir Eldred of the Bower.' These she repeated consecutively, and in any order desired. On any remarkable word being mentioned, she determined the stanza, the line,

and the place of the line, in which it was to be found; and also how many times the same word occurred in the poem. P. 231.

This young lady had received five lessons only, of one hour each.

"Master S. H. explained the physical, mathematical, and chymical characters of minerals, after Haüy's system, assigning the systematical order of any character whatever proposed to him, and knowing in what manner any mineral ought to be examined and tried, to ascertain its nature. This pupil received only two hours' instruction from M. Feinaigle.

"Master S. H. afterwards requested the audience to give twenty words or names, without any order or connexion whatever. These words were written on a board, and numbered from one to twenty, as follows:

- | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| 1. Tower. | 11. Syracuse. |
| 2. Gate. | 12. Wellington. |
| 3. Steeple. | 13. Graham. |
| 4. Church. | 14. Ten. |
| 5. Chapel. | 15. Hill. |
| 6. Institution. | 16. Nelson. |
| 7. Crotch. | 17. Archimedes. |
| 8. Grey. | 18. Palestine. |
| 9. Regent. | 19. Button. |
| 10. Feinaigle. | 20. Reform. |

"After inspecting the numbers and words for a space of time, not exceeding *three* minutes, the pupil named every word in the series, both forwards and backwards; to any number that was proposed to him, he assigned the proper word, and *vice versa*.

"A series of twenty-eight figures, named promiscuously by the audience, was then written down, as 8. 5. 1. 0. 5. 0. 2. 9. 6. &c. &c. &c. These the pupil surveyed attentively, for about five minutes, and then repeated them forwards and backwards. He afterwards declared how many 8's. 2's. 9's. &c. occurred in the series, and the relative situation of each figure.

"Master S. H. after *one hour's application*, repeated a *Greek word* from Aristophanes, consisting of *seventy-six syllables* and 165 letters, both forwards and backwards; he also named any syllable in any order desired, determining its numerical situation."

Now, it is but fair to ask, what is meant by these pupils having received "only five lessons," and "only two hours' instruction?" whether that this was the only time bestowed upon the particular lesson? or upon the whole system? Is it meant that, after having studied the symbols for a fortnight, perhaps, or three weeks, Miss P. K. then gave five hours to getting off her "fifty stanzas

of four lines each," &c.? or, that in five hours she mastered both the system and the verses? If the first, the representation is very unfair; in either case there is nothing very wonderful in the matter. The twenty unconnected words most persons could repeat in their given order, after having read them over once; and we think that any lad of good memory (and we suppose Master S. H. was a picked boy) might, without any assistance from these mnemonics, be *crammed*, (as a Cambridge man would say,) in five hours, with fifty latitudes and longitudes, so as to be able to give them all the night after his lesson. But what would be the use of this? The question is, how much would he know of them in a year, in a month? And the answer is, nothing. And we very much question whether Master S. H. will know more. He will begin to forget the position of his symbols, and the words of his sentences; one hieroglyphic will confuse another; he will not remember which word in the sentence contained the magical letters; he will begin to inquire whether "*Æsculapius*" be "annoyed by six" or seven "hens," and whether "four soldiers" or five, "take away poor Ceres;" he will——

——But enough of this book; we hope that our readers are as much tired of it as we are ourselves.

ORIGINAL.

SKETCH

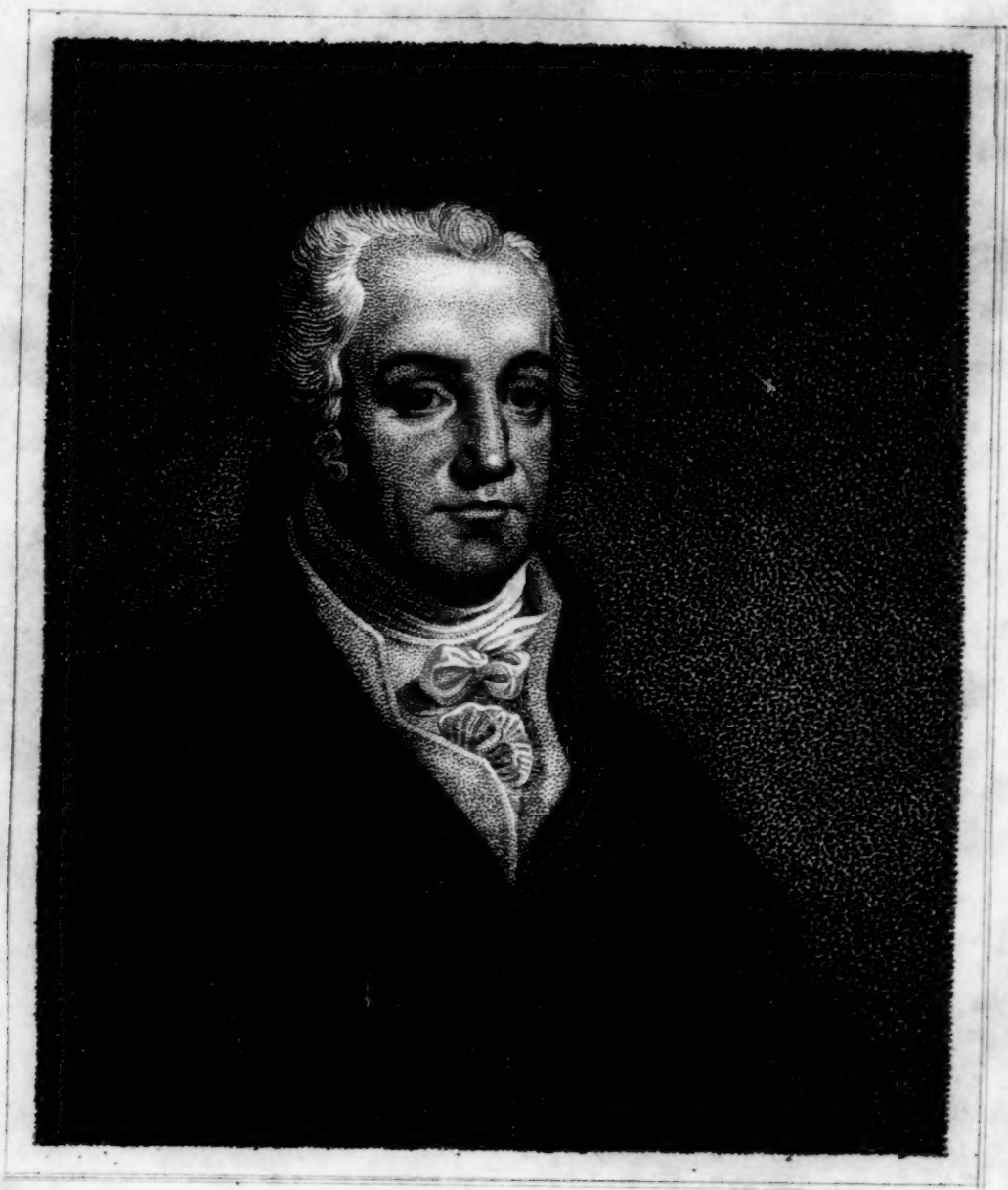
OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF JOEL BARLOW.

JOEL BARLOW was the youngest of ten children of a respectable farmer, in independent but moderate circumstances. He was born at Reading, a village of Fairfield county, Connecticut, in or about the year 1755. His father died while he was yet a lad at school, and his portion of the patrimonial property was little more than sufficient to defray the expenses of a liberal education, even if conducted upon the most economical plan. In 1774 he was placed by his guardian at Dartmouth College, in New Hampshire, an institution, at that time, in its infancy, and struggling with many difficulties and embarrassments. After a very short residence there, he removed to Yale College, New Haven.

The class into which he entered at Yale College was remarkable for the high promise of talent displayed by many of its members, several of whom have since been eminently distinguished in various pursuits of active life. Among these Barlow always ranked as one of the first.

About this period a taste for the cultivation of polite literature had sprung up in Connecticut, and, especially, at the college of New Haven, which had formerly been chiefly devoted to the severer sciences, and to those studies which are more immediately subsidiary to theological learning. The desire of imitation is the natural consequence of admiration of any species of excellence; and this revolution in taste soon manifested itself in many poetical attempts, attended, of course, by various degrees of success. The state of society in this country, which presents a much greater demand for every species of active talent, than for any of the mere elegances of literature, did not allow even the most successful of the Connecticut bards to devote themselves long to the ser-



Edwin sc.

JOEL BARLOW ESQ.^R

Engraved for the Analectic Magazine Published by M. Thomas.

vice of the muses. They have all turned aside into other walks of intellectual labour, and several of them have arrived at high distinction in politics and learning. The productions of this school of poets, if it may be termed so, were mostly called forth by occasional subjects, and were all written by young men engaged in the study or practice of some profession. From these circumstances, as well as from the unsettled and dubious aspect of public affairs, at that period, and from the want of a ready communication between distant parts of our country, an evil then universal, and still, though in a much less degree, felt as a serious impediment to successful literary exertions, most of their poets have attained to little more than a temporary and local popularity. Yet of the little good poetry which America has produced, their works constitute a large proportion. Their satirical verses are among the happiest imitations of Butler; and their graver poetry is formed upon the purest models of the silver age of English poetry—upon the style of Dryden, of Pope, and of Goldsmith. In the imitation of their favourite authors, like all young artists, they have copied some of the defects of their models, while many of the more delicate graces have escaped. What in the original is languid, in the copy becomes tame. Their imagination is too closely reined in by a taste formed upon the study of particular models, and not refined by the general contemplation of every form of beauty. With these faults they have much excellence, and in a state of society which would have allowed of a more careful and exclusive cultivation of their poetical talents, some who at first limited their ambition to correct versification and happy imitation, might, like Lord Byron, after having thus familiarized themselves to the mechanical arts of poetry, have suddenly burst forth in all the dazzling glories of original genius. Among their happiest efforts may be numbered the *McFingal* of Trumbull, the *Conquest of Canaan*, and *Greenfield Hill*, of Dr. Dwight, the elegant translations, and some of the original verses, of Alsop, and many of the satiric pieces of Dr. Hopkins, and the wits of Hartford.

Barlow participated in the general taste of his young literary friends, and was soon "smit with the love of sacred song."

He displayed a talent for versification which gained him great

reputation among his fellow students, and introduced him to the particular notice and friendship of Dr. Dwight, then a tutor in Yale College. These circumstances contributed to excite his poetical ambition still more strongly, and thus fixed the character of his future life. The first verses which he is known to have produced, were some mock heroic lines on a combat at snowballing between the Freshmen and Sophomore classes, an annual custom which formerly prevailed at New Haven upon the falling of the first snow in every winter.

At the commencement of our revolutionary war he was entering the third year of the academic course. Naturally ardent and enthusiastic, he could not remain a cool spectator of a contest in which the dearest interests of his country were at stake. The militia of Connecticut, at that period, formed a considerable part of Gen. Washington's army; and young Barlow, more than once during the vacations of the college, seized his musket as a volunteer, and joined the camp, where four of his brothers were on duty. He was present at several skirmishes in the beginning of the war, and is said to have borne a part in the battle of the White Plains. His love of letters, and a generous ambition to prepare himself for future usefulness, rather than any abatement of zeal for the glorious cause, induced him to return from these military excursions, to pursue his studies at New Haven. He passed through the usual course of study with much reputation, and in 1778 received the degree of Bachelor of Arts, on which occasion he appeared for the first time before the public in his poetical character, by reciting an original poem at the public commencement. This was soon after printed. Those of my readers who are curious to trace the progress of Barlow's muse, may find it, with some other of his minor pieces, in a collection entitled "*American Poems*," printed some years ago at Litchfield.

Upon his leaving college the state of his finances did not allow him to devote any time to general study. He found himself compelled to make as speedy a preparation as possible for some profession which might yield him an immediate support, and accordingly applied himself assiduously to the study of the law. But he continued this pursuit only for a few months. The Massachusetts

line of the American army was at this time deficient in chaplains, and Barlow was strongly urged by some influential friends to qualify himself for that station. It was at the same time intimated to him, that such was the confidence reposed in his character and talents, and so strong the desire to serve him, that a brief preparation was all that would be demanded, and that every indulgence should be shown him in his theological examination. Under these assurances, being well grounded in general literature, and having passed his whole life among a people with whom almost every man has some knowledge of speculative divinity and religious controversy, he without hesitation applied himself most strenuously to theological studies, and, at the end of six weeks, sustained a reputable examination, was licensed to preach as a congregational minister, and repaired immediately to the army.

Here he is said to have been regular in the discharge of his clerical duties, and to have been much respected as a preacher. In the camp he continued to preserve his devotion to the muses. The spirit of the American soldiery is supposed to have been not a little encouraged and supported through their many hardships by numerous patriotic songs and occasional addresses which were written and circulated through the army by Mr. Barlow, Dr. Dwight, and Col. Humphreys. In 1780 Barlow composed and published an elegy on the death of his early friend and patron, the Hon. Titus Hosmer. He remained in the army until the close of the war, and during the whole of this period was engaged in planning and in part composing the poem which he afterwards published under the title of the *Vision of Columbus*, and has since expanded into his great work the *Columbiad*.

In 1781 he took the degree of M. A. at New Haven, when he pronounced a poem which he soon after published with the title of "*the Prospect of Peace*." This was announced as a specimen of the larger poem upon which he was employed; the greater part of it was embodied in the *Vision of Columbus*, and still, with some alterations, keeps its place in the *Columbiad*.

About this time he married Miss Baldwin, of New Haven, a sister of the late Hon. Abraham Baldwin, for several years a distinguished senator in congress from the state of Georgia.

When our national independence was acknowledged, and our armies disbanded, in 1783, Barlow was again thrown upon the world to make, or to find, his own fortune. He had never manifested much fondness for the clerical profession, and the habits of a military life contributed to unfit him still more for the regular labours, and humble duties, of a parish minister. In New England, if the clerical character has been worn without disgrace, it may easily be thrown off without dishonour. Mr. Barlow, therefore, without hesitation, reverted to his original plan of pursuing the profession of the law. With this view he removed to Hartford, where he settled himself, as he imagined, for the rest of his life. But although the preparatory studies of the modern lawyer do not require the *viginti annorum lucubrationes* of my Lord Coke, he found it necessary to resort to some more lucrative occupation as the means of temporary support until he should be admitted to the bar, and established in practice. For this purpose, in connexion with a printer of Hartford, he undertook and succeeded in establishing a weekly newspaper. Our gazettes were then, literally, nothing more than newspapers, and were seldom regarded, as at present, as the guides or organs of political opinion. The original articles occasionally inserted by Barlow, had an air of novelty which gave reputation and circulation to his paper, and at the same time assisted in producing considerable effect upon the public mind, with respect to many important political subjects.

While engaged in this business he was also employed in preparing for the press his *Vision of Columbus*. The extensive acquaintance he had formed in the army, and the zeal of his personal friends, enabled him to obtain a very large subscription for this work, which was published in 1787. Its success was very flattering; within a few months after its publication in America, it was reprinted in London, and has since gone through a second edition in America, and one in Paris.

The first edition was inscribed, in an elegant and courtly dedication, to Louis XVI.

About this period it was determined, by the general association of the clergy of Connecticut, that Dr. Watts's version of the psalms, which had for some time been in general use in their congregations, should be revised and altered, for the purpose of sup-

plying some omissions, and adapting it to the peculiar state of the New England churches. The poetical talent which Barlow had displayed, the harmony and correctness of his versification, and the moral and religious character of many passages of his poem, which was then on the eve of publication, and had for some time circulated in manuscript among his friends, all joined to point him out as the person best fitted for this honourable duty. He was accordingly applied to by a committee appointed for the purpose, and undertook the revision. Many of the psalms had been so paraphrased by Watts as to have a local reference to the religious or the political state of Great Britain. These he so altered as to avoid all local application; and in others he made numerous slight corrections wherever the verses of Watts seemed deficient in elegance or grammatical purity. Beside these corrections, six psalms were almost rewritten, and twelve, which had been omitted, were supplied by Barlow. In general, he has happily imitated the artless and unaffected simplicity of Watts; but the 137th* is versified with all the elegance and polish of language of the most highly-finished modern poetry. To the psalms he added a new selection of hymns, from those of Watts, interspersed with some devotional pieces of his own, of which it is no small praise to say, that as they stand in the collection without the name of the author, they are not easily to be discerned by any internal evidence, from those which accompany them. This volume was published in 1786, and continued for several years to be the authorized version of the Connecticut churches; it has since been again revised and enlarged by the Rev. Dr. Dwight, and with his corrections and additions is the one now in ordinary use.

About, or a little before, the period of these publications, Barlow gave up his concern in the weekly paper, and opened a bookshop at Hartford. This was intended chiefly to aid the sale of his poem, and of the new edition of the psalms; and as soon as these objects were effected, he quitted the business, and engaged in the practice of the law.

During his residence at Hartford he was concerned in several

* Along the banks where Babel's current flows, &c.

occasional publications, which issued from a club of wits and young politicians* in that city and its vicinity.

In particular he is said to have borne a considerable share in the composition of the *Anarchiad*. This was a mock critical account of a pretended ancient epic poem, interspersed with a number of extracts from the supposed work, the whole conducted upon the plan of the *Rolliad*, but with higher political objects and less personal asperity. By a fable contrived with some ingenuity, this poem is represented as having been known to the ancients, and read and imitated by some of the most popular modern poets. By this supposition the utmost license of parody and imitation is obtained, and by the usual poetical machinery of episodes, visions, and prophecies, the scene is shifted at pleasure, backwards and forwards, from one country to another, from earth to heaven, and from ancient to modern times. This plan is filled up with great spirit; the humorous is, indeed, better than the serious part; but both have merit, and some of the parodies are extremely happy. The political design of the authors was to support those plans which were then forming for the adoption of an efficient federal constitution, and to chastise and expose certain demagogues who, in some of the states, and especially in Rhode Island, had been active in several measures equally hostile to good faith, and to sound public policy. The *Anarchiad*, like the *Rolliad*, was published by piecemeal from time to time, as matter of satire happened to occur. It had a wide circulation through the union, and as at that time the public taste was unaccustomed to those strong stimulants to which it has since been habituated, this novelty of sarcasm and satire had a very considerable influence upon the political opinions of a large portion of the community.

On July 4, 1787, Barlow delivered an oration before the Connecticut Cincinnati. This composition is a piece of sober prose, with little parade of language, or attempt at eloquence. After go-

* The most conspicuous among them were Mr. (now Judge) Trumbull, the author of *M'Fingal*, Rev Mr. (now Dr.) Strong, Oliver Wolcott, Esq., Col. Humphreys, and the late Dr Hopkins, the original projector of the *Anarchiad*, a man of powerful mind, and eccentric habits, of bold imagination, and an undisciplined taste. The *Hypocrite's Hope*, and two other humorous pieces of an original and whimsical character, by Dr. Hopkins, may be found in the collection of American poems above referred to.

ing over the commonplace topics of the history of our independence, the orator insists strongly upon the necessity of an efficient general government, and evidently labours to prepare the popular sentiment for a favourable reception of the new constitution then under consideration of the convention, in session in Philadelphia.

These various publications continued to increase and extend his reputation as a man of general talents ; but in the meanwhile his success at the bar was by no means flattering. His mind, long habituated to indulge itself in all the elegant luxuries of learning, or to exercise its reasoning powers only upon general truth and philosophical investigation, could not descend with facility to the minute details, and mechanical drudgery, of the subordinate branches of his profession. He was unfortunate in an embarrassed elocution, his habits of life were grave and retired, and his manners and address were not of that familiar and conciliating cast which so often supplies or conceals the want of professional merit. These, or similar impediments, have for a season depressed the talents of some of the brightest ornaments of the bar ; but have finally given way to the power of resolute application, or the invincible energies of genius.

Barlow, however, was in no situation to wait for wealth and honour, which might come too late, if they came at all. The small fund which he had accumulated from his literary speculations was rapidly decreasing, and the emoluments of his business were inconsiderable. He had, indeed, no children to render poverty more bitter by participating with him of its evils ; and the active virtues and cultivated understanding of his wife, enabled him to bear up with fortitude against the privations and difficulties which threatened him.

Under these circumstances he was easily induced to abandon the profession, and engage in an employment which promised to enable him to obtain, in Europe, that competence for which he seemed destined to toil in vain in his native land. Of the nature of this new occupation the writer of a sketch of the earlier part of Mr. Barlow's life, published several years ago,* gives the follow-

* In the London Monthly Magazine, for 1798. This and several other sketches of American characters, are understood to have been written by the late Dr. W. P. Smith, of New-York.

ing account. "Some members of a land company, called the Ohio Company, in connexion with a few other persons, then supposed to be men of property, by a manœuvre, not then understood, but which has since been detected, appropriated to their own use a very considerable part of the funds of that company; and, under the title of the Scioto Company, offered vast tracts of land for sale in Europe, to few of which they had any pretensions." As the agent of this company, but with perfect ignorance of their real plan, Barlow embarked for England, in 1788, and soon after crossed from thence to France, where he disposed of some of these lands, under the title of the Scioto Company. The French have never been remarkable for their success in colonization, and their first settlements on the Ohio failed completely. This was occasioned partly by the doubtful and disputed title under which they held, and partly also, it is to be presumed, by their want of enterprise and resource, and their inexpertness in those arts and habits of life which enable our own countrymen to subdue the forest, and to make the wilderness recede on every side from before the presence of civilized man; although their countryman Volney assigns a much more whimsical reason for the general failure of all their attempts of this nature. He ascribes it chiefly to their insatiable love of talking, which crowds them together in villages, puts a stop to all solitary labour, and engrosses the greater part of that time which the American settler devotes to active exertion.

After spending some years in misery and want, these colonists removed to more favourable situations, and the remains of their attempts at improvement, shortly after they left them, are described by intelligent travellers as exhibiting a strange scene of ludicrous wretchedness, more resembling the vestiges of a colony of beavers than those of a settlement of enterprising farmers.

The result of this agency was almost as unfortunate to Barlow, as to these speculators, and after affording him a temporary maintenance, left him with little other resource than his own talents and reputation, to force his way on this new stage of action.

During this period the progress of the revolution in France had kindled to a strong flame all that enthusiasm which he had long cherished for the cause of republicanism. In common with many

great and wise men, he thought that he saw in the first struggles of that eventful epoch, the rudiments of the most profound political wisdom, and of a higher perfection of social order than Europe had ever beheld. He became intimately acquainted with many of the leaders of the republican party, and particularly with those of that section afterwards denominated the *Girondists*, or moderates, entered warmly into all their plans, and was soon distinguished as one of their most zealous partisans.

He however returned to England, in 1791, with the intention of going from thence to America after having resided for a year or two longer in London. About the end of the year 1791 he published, in London, the first part of his "Advice to the Privileged Orders." This he afterwards completed by the addition of a second part, and the whole has been several times reprinted in the United States.

In this work he takes an extensive view of the abuses and evils of the feudal system, and the institutions which have been formed upon it; of those of all national church establishments; of the military system; of the administration of justice; and of the system of revenue and finance, as they severally exist in the royal and aristocratical governments of Europe. Guided, as we now are, by the lights of recent experience, it is easy to perceive that the political opinions expressed in this work contain no inconsiderable mixture of important truth with radical error. To trace them with any degree of minuteness throughout his arguments and inferences, would require a commentary as large as the volume itself. It may be sufficient to observe, that, like all violent reformers of that and of every other age, he attributes by far too much influence and efficacy to the external forms of civil policy. This is the general character of his speculative political opinions, and it may be traced throughout all their particular applications. He seems to think that the system of social order derives its claim to the obedience of the citizen, and takes its whole character from its particular form of civil government, with scarce any relation to the state of public morals, or the degree of national refinement. Some of the evils which he ascribes to the positive institutions of Europe, are such as uniformly spring from the most deeply-rooted propensities of human nature; others,

again, are the necessary attendants on wealth and the rights of private property, and must exist in some degree in every society where some are rich and others poor.

In conformity with those principles, he holds that law is always complicated, and often obscure ; not because the affairs of civilized men are complicated also, because many points on which natural justice is silent must be settled by positive institution, and because there are others in which the right or wrong of a particular case may clash with the public utility of a general rule; but merely because it suits the schemes of statesmen and princes, that the people should be kept ignorant of the laws which are to govern them.

He asserts that the principles of military glory, of personal honour, and the admiration of courage, have no foundation in human nature, but owe their origin solely to the craft of kings and rulers ; and he stoutly maintains, that republican governments can never need a regular army, or find any advantage in possessing a good national credit. The effervescence of the times may serve to excuse a good deal of this extravagance. The whole book is evidently the production of a mind bold and acute, but deficient in that comprehension by which distant consequences and intricate relations are perceived, and difficulties and objections foreseen and examined. He is throughout animated by a manly love of liberty, a generous detestation of all trick and imposture, and a contempt of prejudice so strong as often to hurry him into an extreme almost equally dangerous.

This publication was, in February, 1792, followed by the "Conspiracy of Kings," a poem of about four hundred lines. The subject was the first coalition of the continental sovereigns against France. It has little of poetical ornament, and the poet too often descends into the commonplace topics of the party politics of the day, but he is strongly interested in his subject, many of his lines are vigorous and animated, and cannot scarcely fail to communicate to the reader some portion of their author's enthusiasm. In the autumn of the same year he published a letter to the national convention of France on the defects of their first constitution, and the amendments which ought to be applied, in which he urges them to complete what he considers as their imperfect reform by abo-

lishing the royal power, diminishing the salaries of public officers, rendering elections more frequent and popular, and dissolving the connexion between the government and the national church.

All these publications procured him some profit and much notoriety. Though France was the theme, they were doubtless intended to have their chief effect on England. Barlow, consequently, became connected with all the English politicians who were, like him, engaged in the great cause of reform or revolution, and with most of the republican men of letters and science, who about that period were so numerous in London, as almost to form a distinct class. Towards the end of 1792 the London Constitutional Society, of which he was a member, voted an address to the French national convention, and Mr. Barlow and another member were deputed to present it. They immediately undertook and executed their commission. Barlow was received in France with great respect, and the national convention soon after conferred upon him the rights of a French citizen, an honour which they had already bestowed upon Gen. Washington, Gen. Hamilton, Sir James Macintosh, Dr. Priestley, and Thomas Paine—a strange assemblage of names!

The revolutionary symptoms which had manifested themselves in Great Britain, had now attracted the attention of the government, and Barlow's mission to France was supposed to be connected with some farther political movement. An official inquiry was set on foot respecting it, which is said to have led to those prosecutions of Hardy, Thelwall, Paine, and others, which took place about two years afterwards. In the mean time, Barlow, who had left England with the design of being absent but a few weeks, found that the resentment of government was so strongly pointed against him, that it would be imprudent to hazard an immediate return. He therefore sent for Mrs. Barlow, whom he had left in England, and fixed his residence for a time in France. In the latter part of this year he accompanied his friend Gregoire, and a deputation of the national convention, who were sent to organize the newly-acquired territory of Savoy, as a department of the republic. He passed the winter at Chambery, the capital of Savoy, where, at the request of his legislative friends, he wrote an address to the people of Piedmont, inciting them to throw off their allegiance

“to the man of Turin, who called himself their king.” This was immediately translated into French and Italian, and circulated widely through the whole of Piedmont, but, as it appears, without producing much popular effect. The rest of the winter was passed in the more peaceable employment of composing a mock didactic poem, in three cantos, entitled *Hasty Pudding*. The composition of *Hasty Pudding* is now no longer to be regarded as a humble and domestic art. It has passed from the kitchen to the closet; it has exercised the philosophy of Rumford, and inspired the muse of Barlow.

This is a very pleasing performance, and deservedly the most popular of his books. Barlow had not indeed that luxuriance and gayety of fancy, which enabled Pope, and Gay, and Cowper, to raise from the most barren themes some of the sweetest flowers of English poetry; but his versification is successfully modelled upon that of Goldsmith: he has interspersed the poem with several ludicrous parodies on the most popular passages of English poetry, and his subject naturally presented him with many images and views of life, which, if not in themselves highly poetical, have at least all the fresh bloom and fragrance of untried novelty.

From Savoy he returned to Paris, where he continued to reside for about three years. During this, as well as his subsequent residence in Paris, with the exception of a translation of Volney's *Ruins*, his literary labours appear to have been nearly suspended, and he engaged in several plans of commercial speculation. His connexion with public men, and knowledge of political affairs, together with the great advantages of credit, and of personal safety which he derived from his character of a friendly neutral, enabled him to profit by those great and sudden fluctuations in the value of every species of property which arise from the disjointed state of public affairs, the rapid depreciation of the assignats, and the frequent sales of confiscated estates.

Shocked and disgusted by the atrocities of the revolution, he took little active part in politics, though he still cherished his republican principles, and flattered himself with the belief that these throes of tumultuous anarchy would finally settle down into the tranquillity of enlightened freedom. It has been said that he sat in the national assembly, as a deputy from the department of *Mont*

Blanc; this is without foundation. He never sat in any legislative body in France, nor did he ever, by any public act, recognise himself as a French citizen. Several pieces of a savage and atrocious character, were also published under his name in the newspapers of Great Britain, and of this country; these he has since publicly denied in the most explicit manner. It was also confidently asserted, that during the period of frantic atheism, he went to the bar of the convention, and made a solemn renunciation of the Christian faith, at the same time professing his belief in some atheistical system. This charge, too, he some years after solemnly denied, and appealed, in confirmation of his innocence, to his friend the Bishop Gregoire, a regular and constant member of the convention; in whose grief and resentment, while "these horrors and blasphemies" (these are his own words) were going on, he declares that he always participated: and Gregoire himself, in his letter to Barlow expostulating with him on the anti-christian aspect of one of the plates of the Columbiad, drops no hint of any such transaction, but, on the contrary, appears surprised at what he considers an unexpected deviation from the general character of his friend. These circumstances are, I think, amply sufficient to clear the character of Barlow from this deep stain.

It is with the most heartfelt sorrow and mortification, that every friend of human kind must contemplate the atrocious crimes which, at that eventful era, blasted the cause of freedom, and the base arts of falsehood and oppression, by which those crimes were often opposed. To have no other principle of conduct, than indiscriminate opposition to some system of error, however dangerous, is of itself an error of the most dangerous magnitude. But it is a curious circumstance in the history of human frailty, that of all the classes of profligate politicians, there are none which so nearly resemble each other as the Jacobin and professed Anti-Jacobin. Differing widely in their avowed opinions, and in all those commonplace topics and phrases by which political partisans are distinguished, in every thing else they agree precisely; they are twin brothers, bearing different names, but of the self-same blood.

Some time about 1795 Barlow was sent as an agent on private legal and commercial business to the north of Europe, and soon af-

ter his return, received information of his appointment, by President Washington, as consul at Algiers, with powers to negotiate a treaty of peace with the Dey, and to redeem all American citizens held in slavery on the coast of Barbary. He immediately sat out on this mission, and crossed through Spain over to Algiers. Here he soon concluded a treaty with the Dey, in spite of numerous obstacles thrown in his way, by the agents of the French republic, and of several of the other European powers. In the beginning of the next year, he negotiated a similar treaty with Tripoli, and redeemed and sent home all the American prisoners whom he could discover among the captives of the Barbary powers. These humane exertions were made with great hazard and danger, sometimes, it is said, even at the risk of his life.

His residence at Algiers, though attended with some emolument, had so few attractions to a man devoted to the cultivation of literature and science, that, in 1797, he resigned his consulship and returned to Paris. There, it is understood, that he again engaged in some commercial pursuits which were very successful. Thus he acquired a handsome fortune, which he continued to enjoy to the end of his life. As long as France retained the forms of a free constitution, he continued to regard it as his adopted country, and invested a large proportion of his property in landed estates. Among other purchases was that of the splendid hotel of the Count Clermont de Tonnere, in Paris, in which he lived for some years in an elegant and even sumptuous manner.

In the rupture between his native country and France, occasioned by the maritime spoliations of the latter, Barlow exerted all his influence and abilities to bring about an adjustment of differences. To assist in attaining this end he published a letter to the people of the United States on the measures of Mr. Adams's administration. This was soon followed by a second part, in which he took a wide range of original speculation on various political topics, especially on the means of avoiding wars, on maritime law, and the rights of neutrals. His opinions are, as usual, novel and daring; and, if not always correct, seldom fail to exercise the mind with thought, and to suggest new and useful views of important truth. His boldest plan, and one which, wild as it may now seem, it is not incompatible with an enlightened philosopher to hope,

that the progress of human improvement and civilization will hereafter reduce into practice, is a proposition for a maritime league, which shall watch over and guaranty the rights of neutral commerce, and decide all commercial controversies between nations, by a chancery of delegates from the several states composing the confederacy. These decisions he proposes they should enforce by withdrawing all commercial intercourse from any power which should refuse submission.

At the same period he drew up and presented a memoir to the French government, in which he boldly denounces the whole system of privateering as mere "sea robbery," equally impolitic and immoral; insists at large on the right of neutrals to trade in those articles which the policy of the public law of Europe has prohibited as *contraband of war*; points out what he conceives to be the true definition of blockade, and proposes that all these points should be embodied into a formal declaration of rights, and prefixed to the constitution then (1797) forming for the French people. The memoir was received with professions of respect; but as it happened that the manufacturers of the constitution were hastening out their work to answer some immediate end, it was thought inexpedient to delay the adoption of the constitution by the consideration of the proposed addition.

After an absence of nearly seventeen years from his native land, Barlow at length became desirous of revisiting the scenes of his youth; of witnessing the improvements which his country had made during that time in all the arts of civilized life, and of enjoying his wealth and honours among his early friends and associates. He doubtless pleased his fancy with many schemes of usefulness or of glory; with the hope of forming the public taste, of directing the opinions, and of elevating the character of his countrymen. Among these plans was the publication of the *Columbiad*, a poem which had been the labour of half his life, and had been gradually expanded from the *Vision of Columbus* to the bulk of a stately quarto. He therefore sold off all his real estate in France, shipped his books and furniture to America, and after a short visit to England, returned to his native country in the spring of 1805.

After visiting different parts of the continent, he finally purchased a beautiful situation in the neighbourhood of Georgetown,

but within the limits of the city of Washington, where he built a handsome house which he dignified with the well-sounding Greek name of *Kalorama*. Here he lived in an elegant and hospitable manner, associating, on the most familiar terms, with the president and other distinguished public men.

Always full of zeal for the advancement of science, the cultivation of literature, and the improvement of the arts, all of which he justly deemed inseparably connected with the great interests of regulated liberty, he now ardently engaged in an attempt to establish a great national academy, under the immediate patronage of the federal government. This had been a favourite project of General Washington, and was now supported by the approbation of Mr. Jefferson. In the winter of 1806 Barlow drew up a prospectus of a national institution, which he printed at his own expense, and circulated wherever he thought it might produce any effect favourable to the project.

In this pamphlet, after urging with a liberal and enlightened zeal, the utility and importance of a great national academy, he proposes to erect at the seat of government an institution which should combine the two great objects of scientific investigation and of instruction, together with national views, by uniting a university to a learned society, formed on a plan resembling that of the national institute of France, and adding to both a military and naval academy, and a school of fine arts, and thus forming an establishment on so liberal a scale, that no rudiment of learning should be too humble for its notice, no height of improvement above its ambition, and no portion of our widely-extended territory too remote for the influence of its vigilant activity in the collection and diffusion of knowledge. Although strong opposition was made to this plan by the friends of different state institutions, many influential men of both political parties having expressed their opinions in its favour, it was thought proper to bring it forward without delay. On March 4th, 1806, Mr. Logan, of Pennsylvania, brought into the senate of the United States a bill to incorporate a national academy, founded substantially upon the plan proposed in Mr. Barlow's pamphlet. It was passed to a second reading, and referred to a committee, but on the third reading a motion was made to amend it by striking out the word "national." This was strenuously op-

posed by Dr. Mitchill, a gentleman who, in every part of his public life, has uniformly supported the interests of science and learning. But the vote was strong in favour of the amendment, and was carried without a division. The bill was again referred to a select committee, who never reported, and thus ended this favourite and laboured project of Mr. Barlow.

He now devoted himself to the revision and publication of his poem; and in 1808 the *Columbiad* made its appearance in the most magnificent volume which had ever issued from an American press, and one which might almost vie with the most splendid publications of Didot and Bulmer. It was adorned by a number of excellent engravings, executed in London by the first artists; every thing else was of American workmanship. This edition was inscribed, in an elegant and affectionate dedication, to Robert Fulton, a gentleman whose skill in practical mechanics and spirit of liberal enterprise have since rendered him one of our most valuable citizens. Barlow had long lived on terms of confidential intimacy with Mr. Fulton, and had been accustomed to regard him as his adopted son.

The high price at which this edition of the *Columbiad* was sold was by no means suited to the state of our literary market, and after the sale of a few copies, the rest remained undisturbed on the shelves of the bookseller. A cheaper edition was found necessary to extend the reputation and circulation of the work, and it was reprinted in 1809, in 2 volumes, 12mo. In the same year it was republished in London, by Philips, in an elegant royal 8vo. In spite of these aids, the *Columbiad* never acquired the popularity which it had enjoyed in its primitive form. It now aspired to the dignity of a philosophical poem; and the narrative part, to which it had owed much of its former reputation, was nearly overwhelmed by political declamation and philosophical discussions: it did not, however, escape the attacks of critics of every rank. The poet had unfortunately laid himself open to the most puny assailants by the frequent use of many strangely pedantic and uncouth words of his own coinage, for which he was deservedly censured, though with unnecessary asperity of language. There were, besides, other faults, both of plan and execution, of a more serious character; these were remarked upon, with their usual severity, by the Edin-

burgh Reviewers, as well as by several other critical journals of this country and of Great Britain. Barlow bore these attacks without making any formal defence, yet with less dignity than became a philosopher, attributing them all to political enmity, and, like Sir Fretful Plagiary in the play, often expressing his utter contempt and disregard of all his assailants.

These literary accusations were soon followed by one of a more serious nature. Barlow, during his residence abroad, had been intimately connected, both in politics and in private friendship, with M. Gregoire, who had raised himself by his revolutionary zeal and political versatility, united with winning manners, and an active mind, from the rank of a curate to that of Bishop of Blois, president of the convention, and afterwards senator. He had also attained some reputation as a man of letters. His character, though disgraced by political inconsistency, is amply redeemed by the rare merit of having, through the most tempestuous periods of the revolution, nobly sustained the cause of morals and of learning, and of having boldly and steadily avowed his adherence to the religion of his youth, at a time when such a profession was attended not only with the certain loss of power, but with no small personal danger.

Barlow had presented Gregoire with a copy of his splendid edition of the Columbiad. The last plate in the volume is entitled "the destruction of prejudices," in which are represented envoys from all parts of the globe, casting down the symbols of delusion of their various systems, into one common heap, before the genius of the human race. Among these are discerned the mitre and the cross. The plate refers to these lines of the poem,

—————here at last
 Fraud, folly, error, all their emblems cast.
 Each envoy here unloads his wearied hand
 Of some old idol from his native land;
 One flings a pagod on the mingled heap,
 One lays a crescent, one a cross to sleep;
 Swords, sceptres, mitres, crowns, and globes, and stars,
 Codes of false fame, and stimulants to wars, &c.

The union of the cross, that sacred symbol of Christianity so dear to the catholic church, with the emblems of prejudice and

fraud, called forth from the bishop a letter of mild and parental expostulation and reprimand. It was published in Paris, and soon after translated and inserted in several of the most respectable American magazines and newspapers. It instantly drew forth a reply, through the same channels, from Barlow. He begins his vindication by stating that the engraving complained of, and the picture from which it was taken, were both done in England while he was in America, and that he knew nothing of its composition, until it was sent him, not only engraved, but printed off. This was a feeble and unnecessary evasion of the charge; for the painter had merely represented what the poet had described. His second ground of defence is much more tenable. He says, that having been educated among Puritans, he had from his youth been accustomed to regard the cross, not as the symbol of christianity, but as the badge of its corruptions, and, as such, he had used it without the least suspicion of giving offence. After some speculation on the evil tendency of habitual associations of the substance with the symbol, he proceeds to the vindication of the moral character of his poem, in the course of which he says, "you suppose that I have renounced christianity myself, and that I attempt to overturn the system by ridicule and insult, *neither of which is true.*" And shortly after, "you will see that I have nothing to do with the unbelievers who have attacked the christian system, either before the French revolution, or during, or since, that monumental period. *I am not one of them.* You say that I resemble them not in any thing else; you will now add that I resemble them not in this."

Such an avowal from a man like Barlow, little accustomed to pay deference to received opinion, and habitually bold and resolute in the assertion of his own notions upon every subject, whatever might be the odium which he hazarded, especially, too, as the poem itself contains nothing which directly contradicts it, one would have thought, would have put this question to rest. But it has since been revived, and the charge of impiety and hostility to revelation has been lately renewed with great violence.

There are, it is true, several passages of the Columbiad of very doubtful tendency, and proper subjects for temperate and candid rebuke. From these, as well as from the omission of many

lines of the *Vision of Columbus*, worthy of the editor of Dr. Watts, both for their orthodoxy and their poetry, it is probable that Barlow's religious opinions had undergone a considerable change during his residence in Europe. Yet, in the present age of free inquiry, what a vast variety of forms of religious belief may he not have passed through, from the pious orthodoxy of his youth to the scanty creed of Dr. Priestley, or the hardy criticism and bold interpretations of Gilbert Wakefield, and Dr. Geddes,* without rejecting the direct evidence, or ceasing to respect the pure morality of the gospel? Whatever may have been his system of faith, surely a work which contains nothing to inflame the passions, or to allure to vice; no ridicule of truth, and no argument in favour of infidelity; and in which the creed of its author, if it is to be perceived at all, is to be learnt only from inference and conjecture, cannot be very dangerous to the religion or to the morals of society, and may safely be allowed to keep its station in our libraries as long as Homer and Virgil, and the other poets of pagan antiquity, are suffered to be read in our schools. This fiery spirit of denunciation, this inquisitor-like eagerness to invade the sacred asylum of private opinion, has nothing in common with the spirit of that religion whose divine author has expressly taught his followers, that, while in regulating their own conduct, they should take heed to his awful admonition, *Whoever is not with me is against me*, yet in judging of others they should reverse the rule, and act upon the principle that *whoever is not against us is for us*.

About this time Barlow received several literary honours, and among others the degree of LL. D. from the college of Georgia.

He now busied himself in making large collections of historical documents, and preparing the plan of a general history of the United States, a work he had long meditated, and for which he seems to have been admirably well qualified. In the midst of these pursuits he was, in 1811, nominated by the president as minister plenipotentiary to the French government. As he had

* Some observations thrown out in the *Columbiad* and its notes render it not improbable that Barlow had formed some system of his own, a little resembling that of this heretical catholic divine. See *Good's Life of Geddes*, and accounts of his doctrines and opinions in the reviews.

not, since his return from Europe, taken an active part in politics, this nomination at first excited some surprise, but it was confirmed by the senate without opposition, and he soon after sailed for France, being the first poetical ambassador that Europe had seen since the days of Prior.

He applied himself with great diligence to the duties of his new station, and to negotiating a treaty of commerce and indemnification for former spoliations. In every attempt at this object he was for a long time frustrated by those arts of evasion and procrastination which are familiar to experienced diplomatists. He in vain endeavoured to surmount these obstacles by resolute perseverance. At length, in October, 1812, he was invited by the Duke de Bassano to a conference with the emperor at Wilna. This, too, has been supposed to have been only another expedient to avoid negotiation; it was more properly a freak of vanity in the emperor, who was desirous of concluding a treaty with America in the heart of Poland, as he had formerly affected to dictate to the commerce of the world from Milan and Berlin, and to enact laws for France from the banks of the Vistula or the Danube. Our ambassador was not deterred by the distance or the severity of a northern winter. He immediately set off on this mission, travelling day and night. The weather was unusually severe, and the whole country through which he passed, after leaving France, was so wasted by the contending armies as scarcely to afford him a comfortable meal. In this state of exhaustion from want of food and sleep, the sudden changes from extreme cold to the excessive heat of the small and crowded cottages of the Jews, which are the only taverns in Poland, produced a violent inflammation of the lungs. He rapidly sunk into a state of extreme debility and torpor, from which he never recovered. He died, December 22d, 1812, at Zarnawica, an obscure village of Poland, in the neighbourhood of Cracow.

When the news of his death reached Paris, every honour was paid to his memory. A copy of verses, intended as an epitaph, was written by the celebrated Helen Maria Williams; a eulogy was read before the society for the encouragement of national industry by Dupont de Nemours, and soon after was published*

* Notice sur la vie et les écrits de M. J. Barlow. 4to, Paris, 1813.

an account of his life and writings, with a translation of part of the Columbiad into French heroic verse.

To these last publications I am indebted for many of the facts above related. Their views of his political character and his writings are, for the most part, either vague or extravagant.

Mr. Barlow was in private life of an amiable disposition and domestic habits. His manners were not courtly, but grave and dignified. In mixed company he was generally silent, and often evidently abstracted and absent in mind. He had no facility or sprightliness of general conversation, but on subjects which happened to excite him he talked with interest and animation, and among his intimate acquaintance is said to have sometimes displayed a talent for pleasantry and humour.

All of Barlow's prose writings bear the stamp of an active, acute, and powerful mind, confident in its own strength, and accustomed to great intrepidity of opinion. His political and moral speculations are often original, always ingenious, but deficient in those comprehensive views and that ripeness of judgment, which are required by the complex nature of the subjects he examines. He surveys accurately what is before him, but rarely casts his eye over the wide surface of society to trace the mutual bearing and relation of its several parts. He has no reverence for authority, and little fear of ridicule; hence he sometimes wanders into wild extravagance of theory.*

In those confident anticipations of the future improvement of society, and the progress of the human race towards virtue and happiness, which pervade all his writings, he undoubtedly attributes by far too much to political, and too little to moral causes. But the principle itself is a generous one, and I trust well founded. It has been disgraced and exposed to shallow ridicule, by being connected with the unholy dreams of Godwin. But better, far bet-

* A curious example of this may be found in one of his notes to the Columbiad, in which he maintains that in the art of shorthand writing "there remains to the ingenuity of future generations, a course of improvement totally inconceivable to the present; by which the whole train of impressions now made upon the mind by reading a long and well written treatise, may be conveyed by a few strokes of the pen, and received at a glance of the eye. This desideratum, he gravely remarks, would be an abridgment of labour in our mental acquisitions of which we cannot determine the consequences.

fer, are the wildest absurdities founded on this hope, than that cold-blooded scepticism, which would teach us to look with heartless indifference upon the future prospects of our kind. Let us rather hold, with Dugald Stewart, that, "as in ancient Rome, it was regarded as the mark of a good citizen never to despair of the fortunes of the republic; so the good citizen of the world, whatever may be the political aspect of his own times, will never despair of the fortunes of the human race; but will act upon the conviction, that prejudice, slavery, and corruption, must gradually give way to truth, liberty, and virtue."

Throughout all Barlow's speculations, as soon as the first fervour of French democracy had gone over, he rested his hopes chiefly upon the extension of the federal system, united with representative democracy, a frame of government which he justly terms "a magnificent stranger upon earth." It is the first and most vigorous offspring of the genius of our own country. It is now the hope of the world, and may hereafter become its example.

Barlow's prose style is perspicuous and forcible, without native grace, and with little elaborate elegance; much better fitted for didactic composition than for popular effect. But it was on his poetry that Barlow rested his chief claim to literary reputation. The Columbiad was the work of half his life, conceived and planned in the ardour of youth, and corrected, polished, and enlarged after his mind had been aroused and invigorated by an extended acquaintance with various forms of nature, with books, and with men. This poem has a radical defect of plan, which it would have been difficult for any degree of poetical genius to have completely overcome. It is the narrative of a vision and a dialogue, continued through ten cantos, and nearly 7,000 lines. Its time of action extends from a remote period of antiquity to distant futurity, and the scene shifts, with the rapidity of a pantomime, from one part of the globe to another. It has no regularly connected narrative, or series of action, by which characters might be developed, interest excited, and the attention kept alive.

Besides, the constant mixture of real and familiar history with allegory and fiction, is a combination utterly destructive of that temporary illusion by which we are led to interest ourselves in

the adventures of an epic hero. Thus the effect of this poem upon the mind is like that of a bird's-eye view of an extensive prospect upon the eye; it is half map and half picture; a thousand objects are seen, but nothing vividly; every single part is too unimportant to fix the attention, yet there is no point of union to connect them together.

Even were these defects removed, Barlow could not be ranked in the first class of poets. His conceptions were vivid, and his mind was stored with knowledge; but he had no luxuriance of fancy, no grace of expression, nor delicacy of taste, and, above all, he was deficient in that indescribable power of touching the feelings, and exciting the imagination of the reader, without which all poetry, however elegant or sonorous, is but *as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal*. His verses bear no signs of poetical inspiration; it is evident that they have all been worked out by dint of resolute labour. All the offspring of his imagination have something gross and material about them; and in straining after sublimity he works himself up into a cold-blooded extravagance, which fills his pages with noise and tumult, with frigid personifications and gigantic hyperboles, and all those false and inflated figures, which, according to Longinus, are *ουτραγικα, αλλα παρατραγαδα, ουχ υψηλα, αλλα μετεια*. The threatening harangue of Atlas, the combat of the "flouncing godhead of the river Delaware," aided by "almighty Frost," against Washington's army, and another between the Amazon and his sire, old Ocean, are all curious specimens of this corrupted taste.

He is most happy in philosophical discussion and moral declamation, in which his elevation of sentiment successfully supplies the place of spirit and animation; and in some of his descriptions, where, by an elaborate assemblage of images, he produces an air of magnificence, which is yet rather gorgeous than grand.

Barlow's taste, in style and versification, was originally formed upon the poetry of Pope and Goldsmith, and his *Vision of Columbus* is a pretty successful imitation of their manner; but he was afterwards strongly smitten with the gaudy ornaments, the flaunting finery, and all the harlotry of the muse of Darwin.

His description of southern scenery may be selected as a pleasing specimen of his first and best manner.

" Beneath tall trees in livelier verdure gay,
Long level walks a humble garb display ;
The infant corn, unconscious of its worth,
Points the green spire, and bends the foliage forth ;
Sweetened on flowery banks, the passing air
Breathes all the untasted fragrance of the year ;
Unbidden harvests o'er the regions rise,
And blooming life repays the genial skies.
Where circling shores around the gulf extend,
The bounteous groves with richer burdens bend ;
Spontaneous fruits the uplifted palms unfold,
The beauteous orange waves a load of gold ;
The untaught vine, the wildly wanton cane,
Bloom on the waste, and clothe the enarbour'd plain ;
The rich pimento scents the neighbouring skies,
And woolly clusters o'er the cotton rise.
Here, in one view, the same glad branches bring
The fruits of autumn, and the flowers of spring ;
No wintry blasts the unchanging year deform,
Nor beasts unsheltered fear the pinching storm ;
But vernal breezes o'er the blossoms rove,
And breathe the ripen'd juices through the grove.
Beneath the crystal wave's inconstant light,
Pearls undistinguished sparkle on the sight," &c.

It is difficult to conceive how a poet, who had once written thus, should have afterwards so vitiated his taste as to delight in language and imagery like those of the following lines, which are chosen, at random, from among many passages in the same taste.

" So the contristed Lawrence lays him low,
And hills of sleet, and continents of snow
Rise on his crystal breast, his heaving sides
Crash with the weight, and pour their gushing tides
Asouth, whence all his hundred branches bend,
Relenting airs with boreal blasts contend ;
Far in his vast extremes, he swells and thaws,
And seas foam wide between his ice-bound jaws.
Indignant Frost, to hold his captive, plies
His hosted fiends, that vex the polar skies,
Unlocks his magazines of nitric stores,
Azotic charms and muriatic powers ;

Hail with its glassy globes, and brume congeal'd,
 Rime's fleecy flakes, and storm that heaps the field,
 Strike through the sullen stream with numbing force,
 Obstruct his sluices, and impede his course.
 He calls his hoary sire; old Ocean roars
 Responsive echo, through the Shetland shores,
 He comes the father ! from his bleak domains
 To break with liquid arms the sounding chains
 Clothed in white majesty," &c. &c.

This "hoar fiend" of Frost, who "robes in muriat flakes his nitrous form," is a favorite personage with our poet. I do not know whether he produces the same effect on others, but, in my mind, he is always associated with the idea of that goblin fiend of the nursery, little Jack Frost, with whose exploits we are all made familiar in our childhood. The poet who deals much in these bold allegories, should be extremely careful to avoid the danger of such ludicrous associations.

In some couplets the peculiarities of the Darwinian manner are carried to still greater extravagance : for instance—

"Prometheus came, and from the floods of day,
 Sunn'd his clear soul with heaven's interna lay;
 Th' expanding spark divine that round him springs,
 And leads, and lights him through the immense of things,
 Probes the dense earth, explores the soundless main,
 Remoulds their mass through all their threefold reign,
 O'er great, o'er small, extends his physic laws,
 Empalms the empyrean, or dissects a gaz,
 Weighs the vast orbs of heaven, bestrides the sky,
 Walks on the windows of an insect's eye——"

His language is debased by the two opposite faults of gross colloquial vulgarism and of pedantic innovation, both rendered more remarkable by their contrast with many passages of great purity and elegance. His new words are not necessary, and very uncouth, such as *cosmogyre*, *cosmogyrat*, *fluvial*, *ludibrious*, *croupe*, *brume*,

*gerb, colon, coloniarch, numen, emban, contristed, asouth, and many more.**

Faults numerous and offensive as those which I have noticed, would have at once sunk the work of any inferior mind into utter contempt; but Barlow has great power of thought and amplitude of knowledge, and on certain topics displays a grave and philosophical enthusiasm, which for a time makes us forget the want of poetical fire. He is certainly entitled to rank above the greater number of the writers who fill up the huge collections of the British Poets. Though his poem can never rise to extensive popularity it will not sink into oblivion; his verses will not live in the memory, but they may long keep a respectable station in our libraries.

“A mortal born, he meets the general doom,
But leaves, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.”

It is, I think, much to be regretted that, by some unaccountable blindness to the character of his own genius, he thus turned the powers of his vigorous mind into a direction so unfortunate for his literary reputation. There is scarcely any species of intellectual exertion in which he would not have been, beyond comparison, more successful than in that to which so great a part of his life was devoted. Had he applied the same labour to his contemplated history of America, there can be little doubt but that he would have produced one of the most valuable histories of modern times. Or, had he applied himself with the same ardour and indefatigable industry to some course of investigation in legislation or political economy, though he might have been led astray from sober truth by the love of system or of novelty, yet he would have opened so many new views, he would have struck out so many

* The Edinburgh reviewers have thought fit to represent these innovations of Mr. Barlow as specimens of what they are pleased to term the American dialect. It may be therefore proper to mention, that the first review of the *Columbiad* was written by an American, several months before any European criticism had appeared, in which he expressly distinguished between certain vulgarisms used by Barlow, which he recognises as of American origin, and these new words of Greek and French derivation introduced into the *Columbiad*, which he treats as perfectly strange and new fangled.” See *Port Folio* for January, 1809. See, too, an excellent essay on this subject in a later number of the same miscellany, from the pen of its late editor.

original thoughts that his name could not have failed to go down to posterity in honourable association with those of Bentham, of Malthus, and of Brougham.

Even considering his works as they are, and not as they might have been, he must be considered as a man of whom his country has reason to be proud. He was not, indeed, our Homer; nor am I at all inclined to risk our whole literary reputation on his Columbiad. His genius was not a luminary which could singly fill our hemisphere with its radiance; but happy the nation which can boast of many such minds. They are given to bless and to cheer—each one singly may shine with fitful and uncertain lustre, but where they are clustered in constellations, they pour a broad stream of light and glory over the land.

V.

For the Analectic Magazine.

THE LOST TRAVELLER.

In passing through the western country a few years ago, I happened to stop at one of those little white villages that have sprung up as if by enchantment along the Genesee river. In those days it was the custom for people, whether strangers or not, to be put together in the same room without much ceremony, and I was shown into one already occupied by a single person. Had we been plain country people we should soon have entered into conversation, about the weather, the harvest, or, at all events, we could have talked politics; but we both had the misfortune to be pretty well dressed, and each, therefore, valued his breeding too much to make the first advances. However, we sometimes ventured to look at each other, though if our eyes happened to meet, a looker on would have been not a little amused at the trepidation with which they were dropped, as if we had been detected in taking a most unwarrantable liberty. Yet I gathered from these stolen glances that the stranger was a very tall, thin man, dressed in blue, and apparently about fifty. His face was as white as a

sheet, and full of little seams, and his eyes, of very light blue, were placed so high in his forehead, that they reminded me of a pair of dormant windows in the roof of a four story house. Still his height, the length of his physiognomy, and his excessive paleness, made him altogether a very striking personage.

After carrying on this polite intercourse of fugitive glances for a quarter of an hour, or more, and properly substantiating our claims to good breeding, I ventured at last to remark the rapid progress of improvement in that part of the world, and the singular aspect which every thing around me exhibited:—every object of art appeared to be the production of yesterday, and even the face of nature exhibited a freshness which seemed to indicate the healthful vigour of youth. The stranger slowly assented to this observation, and I expected the conversation would come to an untimely end. After a pause, however, he went on to say that to him, who remembered the country a perfect wilderness, about twenty years ago, and who had been once very near perishing in the snow in crossing it, the change which it exhibited seemed more like magic than the natural consequence of industry and enterprise. An opening being thus happily achieved, we conversed comfortably the rest of the evening till supper. After this most social meal I drew from the stranger the particulars of his adventure in the snow, which he gave as follows, in a careless, dry sort of way, without seeming to think himself the hero of a story.

“About seventeen years ago I was returning from New-York to Canada, where I then lived, by the way of Lake Ontario; but on reaching the lake I found that all the vessels were laid up for the season. My only alternative was either to return, or take the route through what was then called the Tonewanta swamp. This was a forest of one hundred miles, with only a single habitation—a hut about twenty miles from the Genesee river. There was then a sort of Indian road through the swamp, which, in summer, a man might explore on horseback, but which, when covered with snow, none but an Indian, or a backwoodsman, could find out. My companion (for I had a friend with me) and I, pursuing this route, arrived in the evening at a small village on the bank of the Genesee river, a little beyond which the Tonewanta commenced.

Here we made our arrangements. We hired a horse to carry our saddle bags, and which we were to take turns to ride. But the horse requiring to be shod, which would take some time, I was to go on early in the morning on foot, about fifteen miles, to the hut which I mentioned, and there wait for my friend, who was to bring the horse and our baggage.

“Accordingly, early in the morning I sat out in company with a little, stout Dutchman, son to the owner of the habitation in the forest. It was a bitter cold day, the 15th of December, and the snow lay on the ground about six inches deep; yet we went on briskly for some time, guided by the marks of the trees, till we had walked about fifteen miles, when, some how or other, we deviated into an Indian track, which we followed for a considerable distance. But every now and then a track diverged from the principal path in different directions, until at last only a single solitary foot-step remained. It was then we discovered that we had lost our way, and attempted to find it again, by striking across in what we supposed to be the direct line, instead of returning by the path we came. Here we made another blunder, and took a southerly, when, as it afterwards appeared, we ought to have taken a northerly, direction. In this perplexity we wandered about in the depths of the forest, without compass, food, land-mark, and almost without hope, until near sunset. Sometimes we fancied we heard the barking of a friendly dog—sometimes the long echoes of the fowler’s gun, and once we thought we had hit upon a path that would lead us either to the village, or the hut in the forest; but the barking was that of the wolf, and the path turned out to be a track of our own, to which, in our wanderings, we had returned again.

“It was now almost sunset, and high time to set about preparing to weather out the night that was before us. On looking about for this purpose we came to a spot where a large hemlock had been blown up by the roots, to which a quantity of earth adhered. This we found would prove no bad protection in that quarter. The snow had drifted against the windward side of the trunk of the hemlock, and, as is usual, left a vacant space to the leeward. Here we formed a bed of the branches of the tree piled one on the other. By the time we had finished our work it was growing

dark, and so intensely cold that I was certain if we went to sleep without first lighting a fire, we should never wake again. But how to procure a fire was the next question, for neither of us possessed the usual implements. I had, however, a large jack knife and a flint, but no tinder; our box being left in the saddle bags. We had almost made up our minds to lay down and die, when a thought struck me, and revived my hopes a little. The night before, I had accidentally wet my handkerchief, which I had hung up in the chimney corner. As it gradually became dry a part of it caught fire, and to extinguish it I had rolled it up very tight, and put it into my pocket, where it remained untouched. To this I looked as a last resource, and carefully opening it, found that the edges which had been burnt retained a small portion of tinder, but so small as to make it very doubtful whether it would answer my purpose. It was neck or nothing, however, and so I determined to try. In order to be prepared in the event of getting fire, we first cleared a place, and then gathered a large quantity of dry leaves, from under the snow. On these we laid dry sticks and brush till the pile was as high as my head. Then came on the trial for life or death. Carefully rolling up the handkerchief so that all the burnt edges were brought together I essayed to communicate fire to the mass. This was the most arduous, the most anxious moment I ever knew. Every spark that was struck out in vain seemed to be the last spark of life, and as they died away my heart died away with them. The little Dutchman watched my fruitless attempts with breathless anxiety, for more than half an hour. Three times the tinder took, and as often went out again, either from dampness, or from my eagerness to blow it into a flame. Every time it expired, the darkness of death seemed to come over us, and I was often tempted to resign myself to my fate without further struggle. But where there is only one chance for life, a man will not easily give up that. I tried again and again, till at last the handkerchief was in a blaze, and in the next moment our pile was lighted. Those who have felt the most horrible of all anticipations, that of freezing to death, can enter into my feelings when I saw the forest redden all around us, and looked forward to the pleasing certainty of yet living to tell the story of our escape to my wife and children,

at my own fireside. With much labour we gathered a quantity of wood sufficient to last through the night. I was aware, however, that if we both fell asleep in our fatigued and perspiring state, our fire would go out, and we should be frozen before morning, and accordingly told my little Dutchman that we would take turns, and sleep an hour at a time alternately—that I would take the first nap, during which, as he valued his life, he was to watch the fire, and see that it did not get too low. He gave me his promise, and in three minutes I was fast asleep. How long I slept I know not, but when I revived to sensation, I was entirely without the use of my limbs. The little Dutchman was stiff, asleep at my side—the fire was just out, and I could not raise myself, or move hand or foot. A dreadful apprehension came across me, and the sudden impulse which it gave the pulsation of my heart, I believe, saved my life. By degrees I could move my hands, then my feet, and at last managed to crawl to the fire, which I raked together, and replenished. I then set about reviving my companion. The poor little fellow was more than half way to the other world, and had I slept half an hour longer neither of us would have ever opened our eyes again. With a great deal of difficulty I brought his blood to circulate briskly, and just then the sun rose. That benevolent friend to the lost traveller now offered himself as our guide, and enabled us to shape our course to the Genesee river, whose bank we struck within half a mile of the village we had left twenty-eight hours before. The people had given us up for lost. My friend had gone on to the hut in the forest, but finding we had not been there, he returned and alarmed the village. The villagers, as is the custom, went out in different directions, hallooing, blowing horns, and firing guns, but nobody believed we had survived the bitterness of the night, which was one of the coldest they had ever known, and our return was hailed as little less than a resurrection from the dead.”

P.

ICHTHYOLOGY.

To the Editor of the Analectic Magazine.

New-York, July 18, 1814.

SIR,

I am induced to write you a few lines in consequence of a paragraph of intelligence contained in your last number concerning the **ICHTHYOLOGY** of New-York. It is true, as therein stated, that I have undertaken to describe and arrange the fishes inhabiting the waters of this vicinity and of the adjoining parts of North America.

My favourite sport ever since I was a boy has been fishing: my residence, chiefly in maritime situations, enabled me to know a great many sorts. After I grew up, and more especially since I was made a professor, I cultivated as a science what I had before practised as an art. And I found the publications on this department of natural history so deficient in information, that I was obliged to remain ignorant, or make advances without their aid.

The labour of procuring the specimens was greater than most persons would suppose. The expense was by no means inconsiderable. The opportunities of getting them were, in some cases, rare and fleeting. The time requisite for examining and describing was more than could be spared from my other employments, without the most patient and systematic industry. Above all, the decision, whether a species was known or a non-descript, was sometimes a matter of arduous research.

All these difficulties have nevertheless been so far surmounted, that more than a hundred and twenty kinds have been reviewed, characterized, and named.

The magnitude of this undertaking will appear to you from the ensuing abstract, made from my manuscript according to the five orders into which the class of fishes is divided:

I. APODAL.			
SPECIES.		SPECIES.	
Eel	1	Ammodyte	1
Muraena	1	Trichiure	1
Ophidium	2	Stromat	2
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	4		4—3

II. JUGULAR.

	SPECIES.		SPECIES.
Cod	11	Stomodon	1
Blenny	1		<hr/>
			13

III. THORACIC.

Remora	2	Sciaena	2
Coryphene	1	Perch	2
Bull head	3	Bodian	5
Dory	1	Mackrel	6
Flounder	7	Stickleback	2
Sparus	1	Gurnard	2
Labrus	5		<hr/>
			39

IV. ABDOMINAL.

Silure	2	Flying fish	3
Salmon	2	Polyneme	1
Pike	6	Herring	10
Elops	1	Carp	3
Silverside	2	Tautoga	2
Mullet	1		<hr/>
			33

V. CARTILAGINOUS.

Lamprey	1	Sun fish	1
Sturgeon	2	Tetradon	1
Lophius	2	Pipe fish	2
File fish	2	Ray	3
Diadon	2	Shark	7
			<hr/>

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This makes an aggregate of one hundred and sixteen species.
To these may be added the following varieties, to wit:

	VARIETIES.
Tomcod	3
Black fish	3
Bergall	1
Weak fish	1
Basse or rock	1
	<hr/>
	9

which, added to the number of the species, makes one hundred and twenty-five.

To this enumeration I beg leave to add, that it by no means contains the whole. So far from it, that I know as a sportsman many kinds which have not yet been examined by me as a naturalist.

And, as I am on the subject, I will just mention that I have made great progress in describing and classifying the *cetaceous* animals of this region. The *crustaceous* are also posted up to a very valuable amount. And the *testaceous* are collected and displayed before me, to the amount of sixty species for scientific enumeration.

I ought not to close my letter without making my hearty acknowledgments to Samuel Akerly and Samuel G. Mott, Esqs. for the prompt and zealous aid they have afforded me. Nor can I omit to make equally respectful mention of Mr. John Scudder, the proprietor of the Museum in New-York, for the liberality with which he has permitted me to inspect his collection.

I beg you to accept the assurance, Mr. Editor, of my high esteem and regard.

SAMUEL L. MITCHILL.

POETRY.

For the Analectic Magazine.

STANZAS,

ON SEEING A PICTURE OF NEWSTEAD PARK, BELONGING TO A SEAT LATE THE
PROPERTY OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD BYRON.* 1813.

FROM scenes like these, that far and wide,
Rise and expand in sylvan pride,
Where fickle man might find in range
From hill to vale, congenial change;
From scenes whose very hues impart
Good and gay cheerfulness of heart,
Could e'er their reckless owner roam,
With guilt and gloom to find a home?
To wander, like the exil'd ghost,
From heavenly fields forever lost,
Doom'd, with Elysium yet in view,
His wayward roving to pursue,
Where tosses doubt's tumultuous sea
Thy shatter'd wreck, depravity!

Degenerate Gordon! not like thee
Have prov'd thy nobler ancestry.
Nor rambling taste, nor thirst of gain,
From them had wrung their lov'd domain,
Naught tur'd them from their native hall,
But fatal honour's sternest call.
Their only signal to depart,
The beating of a loyal heart;
That, when Culloden's crimson'd bed
Heav'd with the dying and the dead,
Follow'd its guiding beams afar,
Till set in blood the STUART STAR:
While heaven and earth combin'd to sign
The ruin of that royal line!

* Since sold by his lordship.

Son of the Muse—celestial guide!
 Wont to inspire far purer pride—
 Son of the Muse, had gold the power
 To win from thee thy classic bower,
 Of Byron should it e'er be told,
 His birthright barter'd was—for gold!

Alas! for thou hast sold yet more
 Than fragile dome, or earth-born store;
 And Virtue mourns, in early day,
 A brighter birthright cast away:
 What time delirious passion's bowl,
 Dissolv'd thy priceless pearl, the soul!*
 O crown'd by heav'n with youth and health,
 And mental hoards, and worldly wealth,
 Vain the best patrimony's aid;—
 Thy debt on high has ne'er been paid.
 Thy means, perverted from the aim
 That had discharg'd the loftiest claim,
 Guilt's lawless traffick lost for thee
 The treasures of futurity!
 Yet might it be—thyself—thy song
 Are causelessly accus'd of wrong;
 That tell-tale Fame, though still believ'd,
 Has still as constantly deceiv'd;
 And thy free soul, unleagu'd with ill,
 Retains its guardian Angel still,
 Who, when temptation's fiends assail'd,
 Has wrestled for thee, and prevailed:—
 If so--the burning blush suffuse,
 The bitterest tear bedim the Muse;
 To find it false, were cause to rue,
 Unequall'd, save—to find it true!

Yet must the mind misgive thy lot,
 That lingers on this pictur'd spot;
 Gazes its many beauties o'er,
 And still returns to number more.
 Musing what bliss t'were here to find
 A solace for the wearied mind.
 When, long sustain'd the various parts
 Of public trust, in arms or arts,
 Blessing and blest, how fitly here
 Might pause from toil a British Peer!

* "The pearl of the soul may be melted away." *Moore.*

Be welcom'd by the well-known shade,
Where many a truant prank he play'd;
And taste the fruit and pluck the flower,
Creations of his earlier hour.

From courts and camps, in groves like those,
Thy hero, Blenheim! found repose.
To breathe the calm that such inspire,
Would awful Chatham's self retire.
And sacred ever be the shade,
Where, matchless Burke! thy form was laid,
When, pond'ring all thy country's woes,
The genius of Prescience rose,
And spread such visions to thy sight,
As check'd the spirit's hastening flight,
And stopp'd of age the coming night;
Bidding, as erst in Ajalon,
The mental sun not yet go down!

Beside that bright and tranquil stream
How pleasant to recline and dream!
Listening the while its gentle sound
Not even fairy ear might wound,
Nor passing Zephyr dare molest
The sacred quiet of its breast,
In gay translucency complete,
Yet mild as bright—O emblem meet!
The very heaven assign'd the just,
That haunt of beatific trust,
Where no defilement enters e'er,
Seems scarce more fair, more calm, more clear.
Byron! from this and could'st thou pass?
Perchance because its faithful glass
To thy inquiring glance has shown
Features, the contrast of its own.
For other images might find
Access to that distemper'd mind.
The dark wave lashing 'gainst the shore,
The wild cascade's eternal roar,
What scorns, or what maintains control,
Suits the stern habit of thy soul.

Where opes yon vista to disclose
Deep blushing how th' horizon glows,
'Twere sweet to watch the sun descend,
Like patriarch or like patriot's end.
The radiance of whose parting light
Gleams far athwart the grave's long night,
And glances to that distant shore,
Where suns arise, to set no more.

Or where that hill's serener brow
 O'erlooks the bustling world below,
 Wait till that glorious orb arise,
 And ride along the nether skies.
 A warrior, awful to assail,
 With fiery lance and golden mail;
 Who, while his own impassive form
 Derides of earth and heaven the storm,
 Has ireful shafts so swift, so sure,
 That mortal strength can ne'er endure;
 When that, in vengeance like a God,
 O'er scorching realms he proudly trod,
 But oftener when he glads the view,
 Like as a God in bounty too.
 Pouring his flood of life and light,
 O'er teeming plains and mountains bright;
 Painting each flower with colours gay;
 Darting the diamond's sparkling ray;
 And making earth her stores unfold
 Of ruddy fruit and waving gold.
 The holiest heart was e'er bestow'd,
 Might hail him on his heavenly road,
 And pardon that the pagan knee
 Had bent in fond idolatry.

Sweet scene, farewell! Although these eyes
 Behold thee but through mimic dies;
 Though ne'er my step may wander o'er
 To ancient Albion's distant shore;
 Yet for this semblance shall my heart
 Long bless the imitative art.

But thou whose meed it was to know
 The substance of this shadowy show,
 At will to visit such a shrine,
 With the high consciousness—*'twas thine*;
 Could'st thou—whate'er the Syren call—
 From such an Eden fly—self driven?
 Its social bower, its festive hall,
 Its lawns, its waters, woods, its all!—
 "O how could'st thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven."

The following beautiful sonnet, by the late Dr. Leyden, is the germ of the most poetical part of Graham's Sabbath.

SABBATH MORNING.

HAIL to the placid, venerable morn
 That slowly wakes while all the fields are still;
 A pensive calm on every breeze is borne,
 A graver murmur gurgles from the rill,

And echo answers softer from the hill;
 While softer sings the linnet from the thorn,
 The sky-lark warbles in a tone less shrill.
 Hail, light serene ! hail, holy sabbath morn !

The gales that lately sighed along the grave
 Have hushed their downy wings in dead repose,
 The rooks float silent by in airy drove,
 The sun a mild, but solemn, lustre throws;
 The clouds, that hovered slow, forget to move :
 Thus smiled the day when the first morn arose.

The following lines, by a gentleman of New-York, appeared some time since in a political paper of that city. We now transplant them to a more congenial soil.

ON REVISITING THE COTTAGE OF ROSA IN EARLY SPRING,
 AFTER A LONG ABSENCE.

SEVEN summers have flown, and once more do I see
 The fields and the groves I deserted so long;
 Scarcely a bud yet appears on the winter-beat tree,
 Nor a bird yet enlivens the sky with his song.

For though spring has returned, yet the chilly wind blows,
 And the violets and daisies still hide in the ground;
 But one dear little flower, one beautiful ROSE,
 Here blooms and here blushes the seasons all round.

Thou pride of the plain, little queen of the grove,
 Still fresh is thy foliage and sweet thy perfume,
 And still the bright object of Paridel's love,
 As when thy first buds were beginning to bloom.

And though fate has decreed that he must not aspire
 This blossom divine on his bosom to wear,
 Yet still must he cherish the tender desire,
 And make thee forever the theme of his prayer.

Blow gently, ye zephyrs, be genial, ye showers,
 Bright and warm be the sky o'er thy dear native vale,
 And may no bitter blast ever ravage the bowers
 That guard thy fair frame from the merciless gale.

And when the short season of blooming shall end,
 Which fate to the children of nature hath given,
 May some cherub of beauty, to snatch thee, descend,
 And bear thee to bloom in the gardens of heaven.

PARIDEL.

THE MELO-DRAME.

[From a late London Paper.]

WHAT have we here—half solemn and half gay?
 Not quite a pantomime, nor quite a play?
 This something—nothing—full of noise and show;
 Anomalous display of mirth and wo;
 Full of confusion, bustle, and surprises,
 Escapes, encounters, blunders, and disguises!
 Is this a comedy? Where lies the wit?
 In vain I've watch'd to catch one lucky hit.
 What sportive satire flashes bright and keen?
 What traits of various character are seen?
 A tragedy? Say, where is pathos shown?
 Can the spectator make the grief his own?
 Hang with mute earnestness on every line,
 And own the touch of sympathy divine;
 Feel virtuous indignation fire his breast,
 And his cheek glow for innocence distress?
 Does he one moment steal from self away,
 And lend his whole existence to the play?

Such was the scene, when "o'er her barb'rous foes,"
 By "learning's triumph" first the stage arose;
 Her empire o'er the polished world when gain'd,
 The tragic and the comic muse sustain'd.
 Enchanting sisters! as by REYNOLDS' art
 Portray'd, so graven on each feeling heart;
 Each, with attraction all her own, is fair,
 And GARRICK stands suspended 'twixt the pair;
 With doubting face he seems to pause between,
 Yet wins them both, like SHAKSPEARE and like KEAN.

But who is she with airy step and gait,
 And dwarfish stature, clad in mimic state?
 She sings, she dances, and she speaks—but hark!
 Ere you the meaning of her words can mark,
 Trumpets and neighing steeds her accents drown—
 And who is she, the fav'rite of the town?
 Inquire not of her pedigree or race;
 Some likeness to her sisters you may trace;
 But such a kindred as she dares not claim—
 Degenerate branch, and MELO-DRAME her name.

DRAMATICUS.

DOMESTIC LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The Life of Lord Wellington, published in New-York, by *Van Winkle and Wiley*, is an interesting work, both on account of the very important events which it describes, and of the high military character of the noble marquis, who has acted so distinguished a part in the affairs of Spain. It does not appear that the author himself witnessed any of the events, or was an actor in any of the scenes which he describes; and we are, therefore, to presume, that he has derived his knowledge of what he relates from public documents, or oral communications. Mr. Clarke, however, omits in his preface to satisfy his readers on this point, nor does he make any reference, in the course of his narrative, to the sources of his information. Taking it for granted that his materials are authentic, he has digested and combined them in a manner the best calculated to produce an animated and instructive narrative, divesting it of minute and tedious details, and connecting the various military operations and events, with brief sketches of intermediate circumstances relative to the general and political affairs of the country in which the events took place. The narrative by Mr. Clarke terminates with the attack on Burgos, from which period the account is continued by *William Dunlap*, of New-York, to the time of the taking of Bordeaux, and, considering the difficulty of procuring ample and authentic documents of the transactions in question at this distance from the scene of events, we must do Mr. Dunlap the justice to say that he has executed the task in a very neat and judicious manner.

T. H. Palmer, of Washington, has edited two volumes 8vo. entitled "*The Historical Register*," and his plan is to publish two volumes of the same work annually, at a regular interval of six months for each volume. The first volume is appropriated principally to a sketch of legislative proceedings, notices of internal improvements, and of the progress of the arts, manufactures, &c. The second contains an historical summary, or retrospect, of the most remarkable events in the political and military transactions of the United States, together with a complete collection of state papers and official documents.

Considering the obvious utility of a work of this description, it is really a matter of regret that no publication of the kind has ever yet been able to establish itself in this country with such a degree of credit and permanence, as to acquire the character of standard authority, and at the same time to secure the reward due to the faithful annalist, and industrious compiler. In England the *Annual Register*, which commenced in the year 1756, has been continued down regularly to the present time, always sustaining the reputation of being the most authentic record of public events, and enjoying such a liberal patronage as to enable the editors to invite to their aid writers of the most respectable talents in preparing the historical summary which occupies so considerable a portion of the work.

The "*American Register*," edited by the late *C. C. Brown*, of Philadelphia, in 1806, and continued till the time of his decease, possessed

more of the features and character of the British "*Annual Register*" than any other publication of the kind ever undertaken in this country; and there is little doubt that if the author, who was a man of talents and great intelligence, had lived, the *American Register* would at this day have been in general circulation, and its reputation established on a lasting basis. One would very reasonably imagine that in this country, where political events and national transactions engage so large a share of the attention and conversation of all classes of people, and where there is so much curiosity and eagerness to read official documents, papers, &c. that an Annual Register, well conducted, would receive great encouragement. It seems, however, that our innumerable newspapers, which almost literally cover the land, and where every political transaction and state document is immediately published, are quite sufficient to gratify the cravings of the ordinary race of politicians. Something new is what they chiefly desire, and this appetite being gratified, they have no idea of paying again for the same thing at the end of the year, in the shape of a register. All, however, are not such, and there is, beyond all question, room enough for a work of this description, and enough of the spirit of encouragement in the country, if it could only be concentrated. But the misfortune is, there are too many adventurers in the business who are not qualified to command success; though, by means of the little local patronage which each has it in his power to procure for his own production, for a while, at least, no one is enabled to acquire ground sufficient for its radical and permanent support, and they all vanish before the end of the second year—

"Like bubbles, on the sea of matter borne,
They rise, they *break*, and to that sea return."

Whether Mr. Palmer's register is to have the good fortune of running a longer career, it is not easy to foresee. The volumes have a respectable appearance, and the contents are of value to the politician, statesman, and historian, as all collections of the kind must necessarily be. The part denominated the *annals*, is the only place where the editor of such a work can display his talents as a writer, and it is by no means evident that any great effort has been made in the present instance to exhibit this part as a test of the merit of the work in question, or as a proof of its title to general notice and encouragement.

MR. LESLIE. We have repeatedly mentioned this young artist in our work, because we consider him likely to be a brilliant ornament to his country. Our expectations have been heightened by a copy of a correspondence with which we have been favoured by Mr. Joseph Y. Tompkins of Baltimore, who recently returned from England. While in London he desired Mr. David M. Randolph to write a letter to Mr. West, requesting his opinion of the merits and productions of Mr. Leslie, for the purpose of satisfying his friends in America of his improvement. The reply of Mr. West expresses the most unqualified approbation. He pronounces Mr. Leslie's painting of Saul in the house of the Witch of Endor as almost without a parallel in the art, considering the artist to be but in his nineteenth year, and this the second historical picture he had ever painted. He speaks in high terms of the disposition, morals and habits of Mr. Leslie, and anticipates the highest achievements in the art from his more matured pencil. The painting of the Witch of Endor was purchased of Mr. Leslie by Sir John Leicester, Bart. for one hundred guineas.

AMERICAN BIOGRAPHICAL WORKS.—We recently noticed a biographical work proposed to be published by Mr. Delaplaine, of Philadelphia. We have since seen a specimen of the manner in which it is to be executed; which, for beauty of presswork and graphical embellishment, certainly surpasses any thing of the kind that has yet been produced in this country. We have likewise received the prospectus of a work of similar nature to be entitled *SELECT AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY*, by W. Barton, Esq. of Philadelphia. It is to be comprised in three handsome octavo volumes, and to contain accounts of the lives of remarkable persons connected by nativity or otherwise with the history of North America, since its first discovery. We are pleased with the modest, unostentatious tenor and appearance of this prospectus; and augur favourably of the work that it announces. As these publications will contain a great body of American history, and furnish specimens of American literature, they cannot fail to attract attention, both at home and abroad. We cannot, therefore, but feel a great deal of solicitude that they should be ably and candidly conducted. We have seen works of this kind too often made the vehicles of adulation to the living, and extravagant eulogy of the dead, for the sordid purpose of gaining patronage and swelling subscription lists. It was a wise regulation of the Pantheon at Paris, that no monument should be erected there to the memory of any one that had not been dead at least ten years. We think some provision of the kind would be judicious in these great biographical collections. The authors would then run less chance of being dazzled by the glare of fresh-blown reputations, or of mistaking transient notoriety for that solid fame which is slowly collected from the sober judgment of the nation. Should these works maintain the rigid impartiality, and the disinterested and independent spirit that are indispensable to history, they cannot fail to be valuable repositories of national worth and talents. But should they stoop to consult the prejudices of party, to gratify individual vanity or ambition, to pamper the pride of numerous and aspiring families, or in any way to coin profit out of the folly and weakness of human nature, their very typographical splendour and voluminous bulk, by giving them celebrity and importance, would render them more obnoxious to the severest castigations of criticism.

Clarke's Naval History of the United States, 2 vols. 12mo, Philadelphia. We are glad to see that this little work has reached a second edition. The author professes nothing more than to give a collection of historical facts relative to our navy. He has accomplished much more. His book contains a most complete and faithful account of every important circumstance in the history and present state of our navy, beginning with the revolutionary war, relating the naval events of that period with more minuteness than we recollect to have ever before seen, and bringing down the narrative chronologically to the present time. The first edition was principally compiled with much care and diligence from gazettes, annual registers, and other authentic documents of the times. The present is enlarged from many communications received from several distinguished naval gentlemen, and a large body of information, communicated by the Hon. John Adams, late President of the United States, one of the earliest and most active friends of our naval establishments.

All this is performed in a modest, simple, and unpretending manner. There is no preliminary puffing, no swaggering and vapouring about the importance and value of his work; in short, none of the tricks of book-making. In this the author shows as much good taste as modesty. It is printed in the same unassuming manner, and affords, at a small price, and in a narrow compass, all the information to be desired on this subject, and

which, if it is to be found at all, is dispersed over more than a hundred volumes and files of old newspapers. We recommend this laudable example to the imitation of all compilers and publishers. Mr. Clarke informs us in his preface that he has for some years been engaged in preparing a general history of the United States. We wish him every success in this undertaking. We do not expect to find in him a Livy or a Tacitus, but the work, if executed with the same care and accuracy with the present, cannot fail of being in the highest degree useful.

A new treatise on surveying, by John Gummere, of Burlington, New-Jersey, has recently been published by Kimber & Richardson, Philadelphia. It is recommended, by some of our best mathematicians, as the most judicious work on this branch of science which they have seen.

Thomas Dobson, of Philadelphia, proposes to publish the septuagint version of the Old Testament. It is to be printed in 2 volumes 8vo, from the edition of Mill.

FRENCH STATISTICS.—Proposals have lately been issued, for publishing by subscription, French Statistics, from the original work, in seven volumes octavo, by

Peuchet, member of the council of commerce to the minister of the interior, and of several learned societies:

Sonnini, of the Society of Agriculture of Paris, and of others; editor and continuator of Buffon's Natural History:

Delalauze, coöperator in agriculture:

Gorsse, of the School of Mines, author of several prize memoirs, and inspector:

Amaury Duval, chief of the Bureau of Arts and Sciences in the ministry of the interior, and of several societies:

Dumuy, a man of letters:

Parmentier and *Deyeux*, members of the national institute:

P. E. Herbin, of the ministry of the grand judge, member of the Statistical and other societies:

Digested, abridged, and translated, by James N. Taylor, clerk in the treasury department of the United States. It will contain about four hundred pages octavo, deliverable to subscribers at two and a half dollars in boards; to non-subscribers at three dollars.

FOREIGN SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Mannoury Dectot has invented a new hydraulic machine, a report concerning which has been presented to the French Institute. The principle of this machine is to communicate the whole of the momentum of a body of water entering a vessel, after falling from a height, to a solid body within that vessel, except so much as may be necessary to carry it off through a hole in the bottom. This object is effected by making the water enter horizontally into a cylindrical trough containing a solid cylinder with a space of 1-2 inches between them, near its top, and in the direction of a tangent to the cavity. The water, in passing through the annular space between the cylinders, and thence through a hole in the bottom, communicates a motion to the machine, which, by experiment, has been found from 7-10ths to 75-100ths of the whole calculated force of the falling water, a greater effect than any other machine has ever produced.

Sir H. C. Englefield, Bart. F. R. S. has invented a new transit instrument in which the telescope is placed with its axis perpendicular to the plane of the meridian, and the object seen by reflection in a mirror placed at an angle of 45 degrees immediately in front of the object glass. When the telescope is properly placed, any part of the whole semicircle of the meridian may be seen by merely turning it on its axis. The same gentleman has also given a new mode of placing the transit instrument correctly.

The following results have been given to the world by Joseph Read, M. D. of Cork, as deductions from several experiments made by him on the solar ray :

1st That incident light has never yet been decomposed ; and that Sir Isaac Newton, and other philosophers, only decomposed light reflected from opaque substances, or fringes of blue, red, and yellow

2d. That there are only three primary colours, blue, red, and yellow, by the mixture of which, either by the prism or painter, all the others are formed.

3d. That Herschel, Deslie, Davy, Englefield, and other philosophers, drew their conclusions relative to the heating power of the prismatic colours from erroneous data, viz. from experiments on reflected light, whose heat must, in a great measure, depend on the reflecting media, and, also, on the thickness and thinness of those parts of the prism through which the fringes pass.

We give his deductions in his own words, and must confess that his experiments and reasoning furnish an apparently plausible objection to the Newtonian theory of the separation of white light into rays of different colours. His second deduction is by no means new. Dr. Woollaston had already proved clearly that there were only three, or, at most, four, colours in the spectrum ; and Dr. Read appears to have forgotten, or not to have known, his experiments and those of Herschel, which showed that the solar beam was divided by the prism (according to Newtonian language) into two other substances beside the coloured rays, one of which was found between the red ray and the direction of the incident rays, and was the matter of heat or caloric. The other, a hitherto unknown substance, which blackened the salts of silver, and appeared to be that part of the solar ray which causes the colours of vegetables, &c. which we know would, if not exposed to it, become white and colourless. These experiments establish the certainty of the Newtonian theory on a ground not to be shaken. Besides, had Dr. Read reasoned correctly on his experiments, he would have found that the circumstance of the light remaining white in the centre of the spectrum, when admitted in large quantities upon the prism, arose from the same cause that misled Newton, viz. as to the number of the prismatic colours, the aperture being larger than was necessary to obtain the coloured rays entirely separate, and in Dr. Woollaston's experiment the aperture was an oblong of the smallest breadth that could admit the light free from inflection. In Sir Isaac Newton's experiment the aperture, a quarter of an inch, was sufficient to blend the colours so as to produce the intermediate shades, and in Dr. Read's the aperture, of four inches, threw the separated rays in confusion on the middle part of the spectrum so as to reproduce white light.

This is not the first time that Sir Isaac Newton's doctrines have been attacked in this point. The celebrated Euler, and many others, have opposed the existence of light as a substance altogether, and have supposed its appearance to arise from the vibrations of an elastic medium. Newton's optics, however, stand on a basis of mathematical demonstration, and their merits will not fall should even his deductions from his prismatic experiments be proved to be founded on false reasoning.

R.